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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

At the end of last week there had seemed every reason to hope that President McKinley had a chance of recovery from his grievous wound. But the shock was more than his heart could bear and he died on Saturday morning from gangrene. On Tuesday between groups of mourners who extended over the whole four hundred miles the body of the dead President was conveyed to the White House, and later with great simplicity of ceremonial laid in the Capitol. On Wednesday the coffin was taken on to the President's home at Canton and there buried on the next day. The passing was everywhere made impressive by the immense concourse of people, and the surest testimony to the dead man's character was to be found in the utter grief of the women and children round his home. The pageantry of the funeral was everywhere simple as true grief should be. It would be well if the same spirit of reticent reverence were to fall upon those who tell of the President's last hours and his people's sorrow.

In England the sympathy with America was expressed in many ways and by all classes. The Stock Exchange was closed, Mr. Choate received what he described as an avalanche of sympathetic messages, and an impressive service was held in Westminster Abbey. It was felt everywhere that never was there a more aimless and more dastard crime. Mr. McKinley had won the affection of many million people and he was a brave and strong man. Reason for his sacrifice could not be found even in the Book of Anarchy; he was picked out merely because he was great and his assassin could win an easy notoriety. The republics, as the monarchies, have their full share of sad anniversaries; America in her short history has already lost Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley; it is the fate of the heads of all great states to face the danger of capricious hate, and the menace will remain, say the anarchists, till anarchy is accomplished—when no man's life will be safe. But there is another alternative: the nations may soon consider it their duty to their rulers to punish with the full rigour of the law every written or

spoken incitement to anarchy. Free speech is the most valued privilege of the English-speaking peoples; but there is a point at which freedom may be judged to degenerate into license for crime.

Grief for the death of rulers must always be mingled with interest in the successor; in high places there is no room for a break in continuity. President Roosevelt, who has already gone through the stately ceremonial and sworn adherence to the dead President's policy, is a personality made to be popular. As rough rider, sportsman and politician he has displayed the qualities most essential to a popular hero. It is probable that many of the influential men who morally forced him to become Vice-President were influenced at least as much by fear of him as by a desire to strengthen Mr. McKinley. He was regarded as a man whose personal popularity and native independence might make him dangerous, and so by one of the tricks common to American politics he was pressed into a position where it was thought he could do no harm. What man proposed has been settled otherwise, and Mr. Roosevelt has the supreme power in the States at one of the most critical moments in American history. America will be looking not less keenly than Europe for the first hint of his political bias. Those wild Imperialists, who argue from Major Roosevelt's private enthusiasms, may find their conclusions negatived by his official sanity as President.

President McKinley's death has robbed the Canadian functions arranged in honour of the Duke and Duchess of York of some of their picturesqueness and enthusiasm. Whatever the King's and the Duke's private feelings may have been in the matter, it was practically impossible that the Duke should attend the funeral. Canada has been put to great expense in order to give him a fitting welcome, and to have dislocated the programme would have involved much heart-burning. The Duke does not appear in the Dominion as a stranger. Nor are royal visits as novel in Canada as in Australasia and South Africa. But Canada is showing now, as she has shown on other occasions, the friendliest of feelings for the representatives of the Monarchy under which she has thriven so remarkably. Canada to-day is the product of British and French enterprise, and the Duke managed adroitly enough to compliment both when he described "the happy and united community" formed by the "two great races" which "joyously accept the obligations of their proud membership of the British Empire". In New York



and Washington that view will not commend itself to political ambition.

The fifteenth of September has passed without making much apparent difference in the attitude of the Boers. It is computed, by taking the average of surrenders before and after the Proclamation, that it has caused four hundred additional Boers to surrender. But the number of surrenders is not the only test of the value of the Proclamation. It remains to be seen how far the Boers will be affected by the manner in which the terms of the Proclamation are interpreted. Mr. Chamberlain's idea was that by "some small penalty" we should teach the Boers that they owed some duty to their own wives and families. Several of the correspondents writing from the front have begun to talk of wholesale confiscation of Boer farms. There is manifestly a wide divergence between these two interpretations of the meaning of the Proclamation; but the two views are not necessarily contradictory. If the Boer leaders continue fighting for any long period dating from 15 September it is clear that the money owing from them for the support of their women in our concentration camps may amount to the full values of the properties they possess. In this event the farm according to the obvious meaning of the Proclamation could be confiscated or, which is the same thing, mortgaged up to its full value.

Two "incidents", both serious from the loss of life they involved and the effect they may have on Boer courage, were reported by the War Office on Thursday. Major Gough with three companies of mounted infantry and three guns while engaged in reconnoitring near Utrecht close to the Natal frontier sighted 300 Boers in retreat. He was ordered to follow them and fell into a trap. After severe fighting he was overpowered. Two officers and fourteen men were killed, four officers and twenty-five men wounded; five officers and 150 men made prisoners. The Boers appear to have been in overwhelming force and Stewart, who was an hour behind Major Gough and to whom a message had been sent, was unable to co-operate. The second engagement, reported by General French from Cape Colony, involved even greater loss of life. Smuts "in order to break through the cordon hemming him in" rushed a column of the 17th Lancers at Elands River Poort. The Boers who advanced in khaki were apparently enabled to get to close quarters before they were recognised. Then a most stubborn fight followed, in which the Lancers lost three officers and twenty men while one officer and thirty men were wounded. The loss inflicted on the enemy seems to have been not less severe and they were still being pursued when the telegram was sent.

The intention of General Botha to invade Natal seems to have been previously known and Major Gough's reconnoitre was in fact a precautionary measure. General Botha is said to have with him 1,500 men and two guns; it is at least satisfactory to know that Major Gough's three guns were rendered useless before they were captured. There can be little doubt that a serious summer campaign is meditated and it is probable that Natal is the objective. In view of this all the mounted infantry and field artillery of Natal have been called out and some have already entrained for the front. It is to be hoped that General Botha having collected the scattered commandoes will keep them massed. If once his troops begin to assume the aggressive there will be at least a chance of finishing the war by a single battle. However greatly we regret the loss of life no reverse can now make any great difference even in the continuance of the war.

After some excessively rough weather which upset both officials and official arrangements the Tsar has landed in France. The vast crowds ranged along the shore waited with growing disappointment for hours, while to the sound of booming guns and in clouds of spray President Loubet met the Tsar and Tsaritsa on board the "Standart." After long delay the review was successfully accomplished, the landing was effected,

the "official luncheon" given, the official speeches made, and the Tsar and Tsaritsa accompanied by the President took train for Compiègne. Five years ago the French people grew just so excited over a similar visit, and the citizens of the Republic shouted with just such an access of zeal for the Autocrat of All the Russias. There were a few unheeded protests from the extreme socialists; but apart from the admiration for royalty, always accentuated in a Republic, the French people were justified in feeling that their power and position in Europe were magnified by the spectacle of the alliance.

Nevertheless the visit of the Tsar is robbed of most of its political significance by the Tsar's previous acceptance of the hospitality of the Kaiser. President Loubet in his cleverly worded speech at the luncheon tried to emphasise the fact that the inspection of the French navy at Dunkirk and of the French army at Béthény were the chief objects of the Tsar's visit. It was by the perfection of the two arms of the service that France hoped to pursue its "steadfast and fruitful labour with security and dignity". To prepare war may be the best way of ensuring peace; we believe this visit of the Tsar to a "friendly and allied nation" gives promise of European peace, and on the whole the triple and the dual alliances are likely to maintain a stable equilibrium between the nations. But M. Loubet's hearers must have realised that Danzig preceded Dunkirk. It would have been wiser to insist on the pacific wishes of the nations' rulers rather than on the force of their several armaments. Perhaps also it would have been truer. If the Tsar himself had "more particularly intended his visit for the army and navy" he would scarcely have prefaced his intention by reviewing the German fleet at Danzig.

Both France and Germany have held their extensive military manoeuvres during the week and as gorgeous spectacles of the pomp and circumstance of war they have been brilliantly successful. The Tsar appears to have shown some real enthusiasm over the French artillery and has expressed the orthodox sentiments about the efficiency of the troops; and indeed the advance of an army of 100,000 men must have been an inspiring spectacle. The Kaiser was less pleased with his German manoeuvres. The mechanical precision of organisation was as perfect as years of scientific study could make it: there is nothing amateur about the German army; but if we may believe the reports of critics who have seen something of real war the strategy was as bad as strategy could be. The generals seem to have learnt nothing from South Africa. Massed troops paraded across the zone of fire; cavalry charged with admirably picturesque effect across wide open spaces up to entrenched positions; artillery were galloped across ploughed fields with such dash that the horses were exhausted when they came within the range of fire; and scouts took delight in showing themselves on the skyline. There may be exaggeration among the critics but it is an old lesson that war can only be learnt by war, and science cannot ensure strategic genius.

There was an accumulation of disasters on Thursday. The news of the loss of life in Africa and the wreck of the "Cobra", a newly-built torpedo-boat destroyer, were published almost simultaneously. The vessel was on her way from the Armstrong works to be handed over to the naval authorities at Portsmouth when she struck on the Dudgeon Rocks. She struck amidships and it appears to have been realised that the only chance was to lower the boats; but they could not live in the rough sea and all were swamped with the exception of a dinghy containing twelve men, which was rescued after ten hours at sea by the P. & O. "Harrington." The number of men on board, including the navigating party, and a number of men employed by the contractors, is thought to have been eighty, and there is every reason that all but the twelve have been drowned. As always at such times deeds of real heroism were done: one sailor it is said voluntarily left go a boat saying "Never mind; there is no room for

me". Three others were saved by the crew of the dinghy after they had been in the water for three hours.

The Admiralty report on the Naval Manœuvres, being simply a narrative of events prepared by the umpires, without comment or criticism, has little value for those who seek some assurance that our fleet is adequate for the country's requirements, and prepared in all respects for any eventuality. In default of some explanation for the failure of B Fleet to protect the Channel it is disquieting to find that a more powerful force in numbers could not prevail against a squadron numerically inferior, but possessing superior speed and greater homogeneity. We cannot attribute the result entirely to better strategical dispositions, for the fleet which suffered most had for a leader one of the ablest admirals on the list, and though he finally brought his battleships into action unimpaired by losses the umpires give the victory to the smaller squadron. The lesson appears undoubtedly to be that our first reserve fleet must be composed of the latest types, for it may have to meet a compact force of individually superior vessels.

The great loss of his cruisers at the very outset of hostilities no doubt hampered the Admiral of B Fleet, but from the tactics employed by both it might equally have occurred to the other side. It is perfectly clear that the primary duty of this class is to find, keep touch with and give information of the enemy's main squadron, on the defeat of which at the earliest moment depends naval supremacy. There must be isolated cruiser actions, but to send nearly all your scouts to a distance involves the liability of the main squadron being deprived of all information of the enemy: hence the second lesson which seems to arise from these operations is that the duties and tactics of cruisers when employed in scouting should be taught as they are now taught in the case of battleships.

It would be pardonable if the people of Great Britain took a greater interest in the millenary of King Alfred. Yet the excitement about the celebrations at Winchester seems to have remained chiefly academic. Professors and representatives of learned societies have assembled from every English-speaking country and many ladies, especially from America, are staying in Winchester to enjoy the picnic; but the country at large has shown a curiously lethargic interest in the first great English king. Even in Winchester itself a great deal has been said which has the smallest association with the man himself. Yet the date is peculiarly appropriate for stimulating the admiration for Alfred. He was the first great authority on education: "Let every free-born youth" he wrote "abide at his book till he can well understand English writing". History also in the revival of the English chronicles may be said to have begun under his patronage. But in selecting Lord Rosebery to pay the chief honour to King Alfred's memory it should have been remembered that Alfred was a man of action before he was a man of letters. Why does Lord Rosebery's admiration stop short at the point of imitation?

The hardship and bitterness of the fishermen of Grimsby have issued in disgraceful rioting. On the news that the owners had obtained a crew to take out the "Sir Percival" a number of the locked-out men attacked the Federation offices. The whole of the interior was wrecked and all the books and papers of the Federation completely destroyed. The police were quite incompetent to check the outbreak and many personal injuries were inflicted. The riot was almost exactly repeated on Thursday morning when a large gang attacked and gutted the new Federation office that had been set up. The unfortunate outbreaks of fury are likely entirely to alienate sympathy with the men. Their agreement to accept the owners' terms with the proviso that the whole matter should be subsequently referred to arbitration had put popular feeling on their side. As it is, the whole trade of Grimsby has been dislocated, much of it perhaps lost for ever, an im-

mense amount of suffering inflicted on women and children without gain to anyone. There must always be much sympathy among all thinking people for the unions which demand higher pay for oppressed labourers; but in order that labour may get full justice in its struggle with capital it is above all things necessary that the law of the land should be scrupulously observed. There may be every justification for a strike, in spite of the damage to trade; there is no justification for a riot.

The Commission on Indian irrigation just appointed can scarcely expect to find much fresh ground or make any important discoveries. An immense amount has already been done to utilise all the chief existing sources of irrigation. The great perennially flowing rivers have nearly all been laid under contribution wherever they traverse tracts in which artificial irrigation is both possible and desirable. The last half century has seen year by year a steady development of the areas which they command and more than one inquiry has already been directed to the investigation of all remaining sources of water supply. It is not so generally known as it should be that India already possesses the most gigantic, productive and best administered system of artificial irrigation which the world has ever seen. In the way of storage there is yet no doubt much to be done. The inquiries of the Commission will be directed to this and to the development of minor works which offer little prospect of direct profit but may be useful and remunerative as a protection against famine in years of deficient rainfall.

The value of the heavy rainfall now reported from India is twofold. It will secure the autumn harvest now approaching maturity and it will permit the valuable spring crops to be put out under advantageous conditions and ensure a large area of sowings. Unfortunately this late rain has not been general in all parts of the country. Several of the Panjab districts are still badly off while a part of the affected tracts in Western India which have suffered so severely still appear to be in a condition to cause grave anxiety. Consequently the numbers in receipt of State relief are still considerable. It seems however safe to conclude that in spite of local and partial failures the food supply of the country as a whole is now assured.

The British Association has now so many sections and the titles are considered to cover such width of subject that it is impossible to survey the result of the meetings as a whole. During the week the men of science have discussed the migration of birds, the housing question, the antiquity of flint instruments, commercial education, the decrease of population, and the interest shown by natives of the Torres Straits in their maternal uncles, not to speak of a host of more strictly scientific, if less amusing, subjects; and towards the end of the week these meetings were supplemented by receptions and garden parties. Perhaps the especial feature of the year has been the success of the last section added. The addition should help the country to show interest in the case of education; but though the Association has helped to keep the interest alive it has added no fresh knowledge nor any pregnant suggestion. Philosophic principles may be excellent; but Sir John Gorst's ideal theories, of which we expressed approval last week, appear less valuable in the absence of any practical suggestions to follow. No doubt the chief object of the Association has been to popularise science but there is real danger that with its multiplied sections, its garden parties, its tourist trips and excursions it may grow too popular and obscure the many excellent scientific discussions for which it gives occasion.

Professor Smart and the Lord Provost of Glasgow in their speeches at the British Association on the housing question absolutely proved the case against those who attempted to minimise the necessity for extended operations on the part of the municipalities. The statement that Glasgow is sufficiently provided with house accommodation is preposterous in view of the immense number of families that live in only one

room. But Professor Smart was right in saying that the poor have never been housed. We also agree that the housing of the poorest classes is really an operation of poor relief. But poor relief must not be taken in its narrow sense of a charge on rates only. The burden must be spread over a wider area of general State provision.

We are glad to see that the Local Government Board has addressed a circular to all rural local authorities, calling their attention to their duty to provide isolation hospitals. In matters of health and sanitation, rural local authorities, generally speaking, are most parsimonious and neglectful; but perhaps there is no matter about which they are so unanimously neglectful as this. We do not know what are the exact figures; but the number of such hospitals in rural districts is certainly so small that the county equipped with them, even to a small extent, is quite the exception. It is not the fault of the rural medical officers of health; for it is hardly possible to take up any of the annual reports of these officials without finding the need for isolation provision dinned into the ears of the local authority. It is quite certain that the epidemics of scarlet fever and diphtheria, which are chronic in many rural districts, could be prevented in large measure if the means were available for isolating the first cases that appeared in a village. We trust that the reminder from the Local Government Board will do something to stir the rural authorities from their wretched apathy in this matter.

The cricket season has ended with the complimentary match between Yorkshire and Surrey at the Oval. But in one sense its season is likely to be continuous. Mr. Bosanquet has already taken a capable team of amateur cricketers to America and when they have finished their matches, Mr. Maclaren's team will have reached Australia. It is unfortunate that in no sense can the eleven be called representative: certainly the three best batsmen and the two best bowlers are not included. A visiting team can never be thoroughly representative, as after all amateurs have something else to do than to play cricket. But there is every reason why the pick of professionals should be able to play through the winter; a professional cricketer has nothing else to do than to play cricket. The sole reason why Rhodes and Hirst, who as bowlers have no rivals in England, did not go is said to be a question of money: the Melbourne Club could not promise more than £300 each. As cricket depends so largely on professionals the unlovely question of payment must necessarily be mixed up with the game; but if the management of representative teams were in the hands of the M.C.C., not of private persons, the money question would be settled more satisfactorily and less publicly.

The Bank statement of yesterday disclosed a further addition in coin and bullion of £377,400 and the total reserve is higher by £649,000, principally due to the return of notes and coin from the provinces. The resultant of the various changes is a strengthening of the proportion to 53½ per cent. as against 52½ last week. The Stock Exchange was informally closed on Saturday when the death of Mr. McKinley became known and was again closed on Thursday the date of the late President's funeral. There has been little of interest in any of the markets during the week. Consols have fallen off owing to the renewed probability of shipments of gold to New York and on the rumours of the approaching issue of a local loan. The prices of American Railroad shares have kept very firm and the indication at the time of writing is towards a further rise. Home Rails have not shown much activity as the traffic returns have been without improvement—the Southern lines remain steady and in a few instances show a better tendency. The news from South Africa has had a weakening effect on Kaffir shares prices having had a sharp set back all round. The week ending has been one of general stagnation throughout the Exchange and most operators will be glad to see the end of the current account. Consols 93½. Bank at 3 per cent. (13 June, 1901).

MR. MCKINLEY'S POLITICAL LEGACY.

AMIDST the impressive series of facts that ended in the death of the late President of the United States there is one destined to grow in significance and power from the moment Mr. McKinley was laid in the grave. The speech at Buffalo which he made on the day preceding his murder was recognised throughout England and Europe as one of the most important speeches that had been made by a public man for a long time. With the exception of a declaration by some sovereign or statesman in whose hands lies the decision of war or peace, intimating that the die had been cast, there could hardly be a subject of more interest to the nations of the world than the future commercial policy of the United States, to which Mr. McKinley directed his own nation's attention in his last public utterance. The United States for the last ten years, with the exception of a short period during Mr. Cleveland's second administration, has waged against English and Continental commerce a commercial war which has inflicted as much pecuniary loss and industrial disorganisation upon the several peoples as a military war might have done. And it was Mr. McKinley who, if he did not originally conceive these results of his policy, was the man who devised the prohibitive tariffs which made them possible. By means of it he carried himself and the Republican party to victory. As the American people ascribed the commercial disasters of 1894-7 to the reversal of the high tariff introduced by Mr. McKinley's first Act in 1890, so at the beginning of Mr. McKinley's second administration in 1901 the popular belief was that what he described in his last speech as "the almost appalling prosperity" of the country was due to the reinstatement of that tariff. Yet it was Mr. McKinley who in that very speech, astonished his immediate audience probably as much as he did the world at large by the startling declaration from his lips: "A system which provides for the mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential. We must not repose in the fancied security that we can for ever sell everything and buy little or nothing. Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development." On the day following this speech Mr. McKinley is murdered; and his utterance assumes the dignity of a political legacy to the nation made almost with his last breath. How differently it will be discussed in America from what it would have been if the outrage on the President had never taken place, or if he had recovered to take part in the serious controversy which will convulse American politics and profoundly interest European nations in the coming years, as a consequence of this notable statement of his new views! So far naturally criticism has been in abeyance; but not even reverence for the great protectionist's memory, nor the incomparable weight which the opinion of such a man must carry with it, will avail to make the transition easy from the McKinleyism of 1890 to the McKinleyism of 1901. Mr. McKinley wrecked his party once with his tariff. No doubt he was strong enough and honest enough to wreck it again; and when he had changed his views, if he had begun to translate his speech into action, that would probably have happened.

We cannot conceive that the interests which have grown stronger under the old McKinleyism will consent to become weakened by the new. Mr. McKinley's prestige might have created a personal following for his new views; but it is not likely that he would have asked his party to do an immediate volte-face because he had spoken at Buffalo. President Roosevelt has announced that his policy will be in favour of the new reciprocity régime which the late President in his Buffalo speech anticipated as the next phase in American economic development. Would it not be permissible, however, to say that, if it had not been for the Buffalo speech, Mr. Roosevelt on his own authority would never have dared to suggest such a programme? What evidence is there that opinion has been tending in this direction amongst the Republican party? Mr. McKinley's conversion to reciprocity must have come upon it in very much the same way that Mr. Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule came upon the

Liberal party: if anything it appears to have been more unexpected. Mr. McKinley almost alone fought heroically for his tariff when Republicans were bitterly reproaching him with having annihilated their party. He might, like Sir Robert Peel, have turned his back on his own history, relying on his unrivalled reputation in this department of American life for carrying them with him. Mr. Roosevelt with all his varied accomplishments, evident power and personal popularity, cannot claim any such authority. Will the dictum of the dead President, the political legacy, make up for this deficiency? We in this country at present can only speculate as to what may have been passing in Mr. McKinley's mind. In his own country it may have been that he was becoming conscious of the ill effects of his ultra-Protectionism in stimulating the growth of the trusts and combinations. In other countries he may have seen warnings of the dangers to American commerce from the ever-widening and deepening hostility caused by American exclusiveness and American competition in all its combined reckless selfishness. That may have been the new lesson Mr. McKinley was preparing to teach the American people. It may be this that Mr. Roosevelt intends to enforce when he includes the new McKinleyism in the policy he proposes to follow.

In other respects Mr. Roosevelt only reasserts the well-known items of the Republican programme; and he embodies the enthusiasms of American expansionists as Mr. McKinley embodied the aims of the ultra-Protectionists. Mr. McKinley was an opportunist in most other subjects of American politics but the tariff. The suspicions of opportunism in Mr. McKinley's views of the events which have led the United States on her new career of imperialism, of military and naval growth, and colonial expansion, do not touch Mr. Roosevelt. On the other hand we may suspect that Mr. Roosevelt would incline of himself to treat the subject of the tariff from the point of view of party opportunism. But all the facts of Mr. McKinley's character and of his career, and not less the character of the Republican party, forbid the supposition that his speech at Buffalo was inspired by the tactics of the party manager. No more extraordinary appeal was ever made by a leader to his party than this: Our party programme of the tariff has made the country prosperous beyond example—I now ask you to abandon it! Was ever party in such humour wooed: was ever party in such humour won? That cannot be anything but a call on patriotism and not on party. We do not doubt its wisdom but we do its success. The policy of reciprocity has been adopted by all civilised nations except England and the United States. Quasi free trade in England is as unfair to England as the impregnable wall of American tariffs is arrogant and against the comity of nations. Trade between nations ought not to be a warfare but a mutual interchange of products which shall be just to all. A great nation cannot allow its industries to be ruined by the unprincipled underselling by another nation, as the small shopkeeper is ruined by the competition of an unscrupulous new arrival. That is the spirit in which America was carrying on her competition against the rest of the world. Naturally the rest of the world resented it and took such measures against it as were possible. England alone, theory ridden, looked on helplessly. At the moment when it became doubtful whether these self-protective measures would suffice, or whether tariff wars should destroy the friendship of nations, Mr. McKinley seems to have perceived the danger to his own country and the world. There is no babble of free trade anywhere but in England. Mr. McKinley foresaw the era of reciprocity. Will England produce a statesman of equal perspicacity and courage to declare that she must conserve her interests as other nations are conserving theirs?

THE ALFRED ANNIVERSARY.

THE Alfred Celebration, long expected and at least once postponed, has taken place at Winchester, the capital of the old Anglo-Saxon world. It began at the British Museum and ended with a garden party in

Hampshire, and we cannot help thinking that some at least of the delegates and visitors, however gladly they set forth, must feel slightly relieved that the carnival is over. For many of us a week's continuous sight-seeing is enough and to spare, and there is reason to fear that once or twice the visitors were a little rushed: at least it was ominous to read, in what had every appearance of being an official commemoration programme in the "Times" a few days ago, that "there will barely be time for the full enjoyment of Mr. Barrow Simond's luncheon to delegates before the visit to the Cathedral at 2.15 is due". Even at the risk of laying themselves open to the reproof that grapes are sour, some who were not among the chosen may indeed, when they glance through the programme, express gladness that they were not present at Winchester during the crowded commemoration week. Winchester is one of the fairest of cities, with a certain atmosphere of its own that reminds one of Oxford, and of nothing else in England. The fact that Charles II. commenced to build a palace there overlooking the valley of the Itchen, and having a view that embraced S. Giles and S. Catherine's, the great cathedral of Wykeham and the not less perfect conventual church of Beaufort, gives the lie to the old saw about the king who never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one. But perhaps Winchester is best seen, and her wonderful history best recalled, when we are not in the midst of something rather like one of Cook's tours. We would not be hypercritical: we quite understand that on occasions of this kind something must be done to arouse interest in the general public, that more or less popular features must be prepared; but a reading in "Becket" by Sir Henry Irving, when you come to think of it, does seem rather uncalled for at an Alfred celebration. The list of selected delegates was imposing in length: it contained amongst many others such names as Mr. Izaak Newton Demnion, Lord Beauchamp and Mr. Saintsbury; yet there were representatives, too, like Mr. Plummer of Oxford, Mr. Skeat of Cambridge, and the Dean of Durham whose little book on Winchester and its worthies is a model of what such a work should be. Finally, there was Lord Rosebery. It is the curious irony of his fate that Lord Rosebery should constantly be driven to deliver panegyrics on Englishmen whose supreme title to fame is that they never shirked any arduous work, who pre-eminently were doers not talkers. First it was Pitt, then Cromwell, and now Alfred. The Duke of Wellington so far seems to have been overlooked: possibly, he will be dealt with in June 1915, should Lord Rosebery be ploughing furrows then.

Lord Rosebery delivered an address on Alfred at the unveiling of Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's figure that henceforth dominates the Broadway at Winchester, but Mr. Frederic Harrison was in front of him in this, Lord Rosebery is notoriously a beginner in Alfred; so his view is not of any singular value. Mr. Frederic Harrison has been lecturing on the subject for a long while past. He is eloquent and he is obviously sincere; but if it were necessary to accept any recent speaker and writer's estimate of Alfred we fancy we should not go to him. Freeman somehow would be more satisfactory, but even Freeman in his greatest work must be watched. As everybody knows, his opinion of Alfred the Great is, as well it may be, a very high one. Yet we never could understand why that which was a virtue in Alfred was so detestable an offence in Rufus. Why should Alfred hunt—as Asser has it, "a keen huntsman also, ever at work in woodcraft and to good purpose. For peerless was he in the hunting field, ever the first and ever the luckiest, in this as in all else supremely gifted by God"—and show but his manliness in doing so, whilst Rufus is condemned for "glutting his own cruelty to the last moment of his life by the savage sports which seek for pleasure in the infliction of suffering"? It is a point that has not been explained. We could not take quite seriously the only explanation attempted—that Alfred's sport was not a sport but a serious employment directed towards getting rid of "noisome beasts". Surely falconers were not instructed for that. Seriously, it is a pity that admirers of Alfred

should thus overshoot the mark. Happily neither the extravagances of the hero-worshippers, nor the too clear signs of partisanship in the historian, need blind us to the greatness of the man, the thousandth anniversary of whose death has just been celebrated. It is as a great statue seen at a distance and in a light somewhat uncertain: the exact features, the details must be vague for us, but the commanding size, the noble effect of the figure as a whole, are borne in upon us irresistibly as we look. That here was one of "the simple great ones" neither the most nor the least critical, neither the most easily persuaded, nor the most sceptical, need doubt, coming to the study with an open mind.

The testimony of Asser—that the famous biography is Asser's with some trifling interpolations—is admitted, we believe, with practical unanimity by the best historical criticism—is no doubt the chief work on which the story of Alfred's achievements in the field of battle, in statecraft and in education rests. And Asser, as one of Alfred's own followers, as a personal friend, was perhaps not likely to err on the side of underestimating the king's qualities and deeds. But it is inconceivable that chronicler after chronicler, from Ethelwerd of the tenth century onwards, all of whom set Alfred so high that he dwarfs completely such rulers as his predecessor Egbert, first "King of the English", no mean figure in the history of that time, and his heroic successor Edward the Elder, would have servilely followed Asser, had there been absolutely nothing but Asser's word for it that Alfred was so great. Indeed it is clear enough that several of them drew to some extent from sources independent of Alfred's biographer and of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle: and it is no less certain that for long after Alfred had ceased to reign an immense quantity of oral tradition passed from generation to generation throughout the land. Every tale that was told of Alfred illustrated some shining quality or good deed of his. But over and above the oral and written testimony in his favour, there are indications of his greatness and of his extraordinary influence to be sought and found in various other directions. The outcome of Alfred's work can be traced in the condition of England in his son's time, when all parts of the land, even to the region of Pict and Scot, acknowledged as their suzerain that king who ruled at Winchester. Canute the Dane and William the Norman, strong and resourceful though they were, still owed something of their success, it is clear, to Alfred's all-pervading energy. As for Alfred as an educationist, as a builder-up of the National Church, what could be more significant than the fact that they who were responsible for the annals of the chief places of teaching throughout the country strove, all of them, rightly or wrongly, to connect his name with their institutions?

Alfred then is well extolled as at any rate the best of those earlier English kings. But mere celebrations, with their not particularly ennobling accompaniment of jaunts and conducted tours of sightseers, and examination of questionable relics, picnics and pleasure parties, speechifying and the waving of flags, are of no serious service unless in the man or events celebrated there is something which will appeal to the people as a lesson really worth learning or an example worth following. What is there in the Alfred celebration which should rivet attention now? Broadly speaking Alfred's work was of a twofold character. He is to be considered as the maker of a kingdom and as the educator of a people. As soldier and sailor Alfred, among fighters of those days, excelled. He seems to have been the first English king who "fared out to sea with a ship host", so the language of one of the translated chronicles runs, and was himself a naval architect. Much of his life was spent in camps and on battlefields, and many and picturesque are the accounts of how he charged the Danes "with the rush of a wild boar", of how he "held the death stead". He was, then, a most successful warrior, and what is called—we confess we are growing rather suspicious of that term—an Empire-builder, largely of course through skill in war, through defending his own people from foreign invaders, and enlarging his own dominions in so doing, because other parts of the country

recognised his power and were the more ready to come under his protection and safe rule. But it is not what may be called the imperial side of Alfred that seems worthy of so much attention at the present time. If the trend were towards the Manchester School in matters of imperial policy, it would be different. As it is, the imperial spirit is strong and needs no stirring up. To ram Alfred down the throats of the minority who have none of it is a waste of energy. It will be much more to the purpose if we take to heart Alfred's home policy. The more this side of Alfred is examined, the more apparent is it that herein lay his superiority over so many rulers of a much later time as well as over those who preceded him. There may have been warrior kings as great as Alfred in Christendom in those and later days: there were organisers greater—William the Conqueror surely was—and legislators greater, as the work of Edward I. proves clearly enough; and there were saints as undoubted—was not St. Lewis? But not one of them recognised as he did the supreme importance of educating his kingdom even as he made it. We see Alfred, whenever there was peace, himself learning and studying in order to inspire others, insisting on those whom he set in high places and entrusted with the teaching of the people fitting themselves thoroughly for their work. The literary pursuits of Alfred were all directed towards the same object. His handbook and other works have perished utterly, but there are translations, free renderings of Bede and others, which happily have been preserved and which show his zeal and high purpose as writer and scholar. This thoroughness and earnestness of aim in education are the last features of the Alfredian era that should be overlooked at a time when there is a tendency in some quarters bitterly to oppose the education of the masses, in others to press for the sort of teaching which will not train the character and the intellect so much as simply make the learner smarter for trading purposes, better at the game of grab.

The event has drawn across the Atlantic a considerable number of Americans who are interested in the celebration and declare their admiration for Alfred and his work. We hope they are under no misapprehension as to what they are celebrating, and that the delegates will presently return prepared to tell their own universities and institutions that what has come to be known, from want of a better name, as Anglo-Saxon acquisitiveness cannot be traced at all in him whose memory they have been honouring; and that push and assertiveness and the things that savour of vulgarity are in ludicrous contrast to his preaching and his practice.

THE TSAR'S TOUR.

HOW rapidly the centre of public interest shifts from one object to another! For a week the eyes of all had been fixed on the melancholy events happening in the United States until with the newspapers of Wednesday morning we found that the gaze of Europe was concentrated on the approaching meeting of the Tsar and the President of the French Republic. The meeting at Dantzic between the Tsar and the German Emperor came in the interval between these two events, but was quite overshadowed by the tragic circumstances of Mr. McKinley's death. There might be political significance in the meeting of the two Emperors, and it was the obvious cue of the special correspondents to make the most of it. We were to understand—whatever the information was worth—that Austria was neither very sanguine nor very depressed over the visit. Then there was the inevitable suggestion that the significance of the Tsar's approaching visit to the President was largely discounted by the prior visit to the Emperor, and that the French people would resent it. Thereupon the counter consideration was put forward that, so far from this being the case, there was something to be said for the possibility that the Tsar might form the middle term of a combination of all three; and a new Triplice render obsolete the old one. In short the visit formed a peg on which to hang the multifarious vague gossip which at all seasons of the year, as well as the holiday season, is going the round of the Continental papers and passes on into our own. It may have been of

special importance: who can tell? But we really know nothing of what happened, except that "no toasts of political importance were exchanged." At the dinner on board the 'Hohenzollern' the Emperor William raised his glass with the words 'I drink to the health of my friend, his Majesty the Tsar of Russia': and the Tsar replied—not at once but when on board the 'Standart'—with the words 'I empty my glass to the health of my friend his Majesty the German Emperor'." Evidently there is nothing in this that can add freshness to the threadbare topic of the alliances. An English paper more daring than its rivals announced boldly that an agreement had been made to preserve the peace of Europe for ten years. There is as much naïveté in this kind of news as in most of the discussions of prospects; and the cheapness of the guessing that attends the visits of monarchs is evident from the speculations indulged in that the two Emperors would devise the measures necessary to be taken to put down anarchism. This had evidently its genesis in the news of Mr. McKinley's murder which had just then startled the world. It is however a long leap from the notion that anarchism ought to be suppressed, and that it has reached a point when probably measures will be taken to suppress it, to the position that the two Emperors have opened the campaign. And so of the reconstruction and dissolution of alliances. No light has yet come to the outer world from the meeting at Dantzic nor will it from the meetings at Dunkirk and Compiègne.

If we take these interchanges of courtesies between the representatives of great nations simply as events, they have abundant points of interest, quite apart from the speculations which they arouse. There is the one fact as to the meeting of the Tsar and the French President, which strikes every observer as the most characteristic of this event. The shadow of anarchism lies over the whole of the State ceremonial. The one personage whom every loyal and patriotic Frenchman and Frenchwoman ardently desires to honour and acclaim cannot be approached, except by an entourage of officials who are preoccupied with the fear lest a calamity such as has happened in America should befall their guest on French soil. At one time it might have been said that these precautions were necessary because nihilism or anarchism aimed only at the Tsar as the representative of a particular form of government. But Carnot fell, and McKinley has fallen, and Tsar and President were exposed to the same peril. In the absence of this spectre from the feast French satisfaction and joy over the meeting would have been manifested with all the abandon of the French nature. Five years ago, when the Tsar visited France for the first time after his accession, France was, if we may use the phrase, chafed for her exuberance of feeling over an alliance which she rather desired than possessed. It was pointed out, in various tones of disparagement and vexation, that the Tsar in his speeches always referred to the friendship between the two countries in the most conventional of language, and that he seemed purposely to refrain from using the word ally. Now he uses without reserve the phrase "*la nation amie et alliée*". It was not necessary for the Tsar to remove any doubt on the subject, for the alliance has long since ceased to be discussed sceptically. As an accomplished fact it has outlived the criticisms directed against its possibility founded on the incompatibility of French Republicanism and Russian Autocracy. A certain section of French socialists make this theory a reason for opposition to it; but there are representatives of another school of socialism in the Government whose head is receiving as host the Autocrat himself. The best answer to this argument of incompatibility is that nothing has contributed so much to the stability of the present Government and the Republic as such as this very alliance. Graceful speeches, charming speeches, delightful for their French delicacy tact and gallantry, have been made at Dunkirk and Compiègne to the Tsar and Tsaritsa. But one must turn to the speech of M. Loubet made at Dunkirk to the General Council before the arrival of the Tsar to understand how to Republican statesmen the interests of the Republic have been intertwined with the integrity of the Russian alliance. His reference to the agitations

against the Republic which he describes as more superficial than profound would not have been made in the triumphant tone he adopted, if he had not been able to show Frenchmen that the alliance into which they had entered was being effectively maintained. Its value to France no Frenchmen, except the socialist section already mentioned, have ever denied. If it were not good for one purpose it was good for another; and the sneers once so frequent, and which have been even lately heard again, that the alliance was only run by Russia for financial reasons, have passed without effect over the heads of Frenchmen. Whenever there has appeared the least reason for doubting the possibility of the maintenance of the alliance the opportunity has been seized by the Nationalist party for exciting suspicion and discontent against the Government; but in no circumstances would they have dared to attack the Government on the ground that the maintenance of the alliance was one of the chief aims of its foreign policy. The influence of the alliance on the international relations of the European States, on the continuance of peace or the prospects of war, and on the re-groupings which may possibly take place, have all been discussed until the subject has become exhausted and stale. But one fact is quite plain that, so far at least as the interests of the Republic can be identified with those of France, the visit of the Tsar will be, in M. Loubet's words, successful and profitable to the French nation.

DAHLIAS.

ALAS! the summer is gone—this beautiful summer, that has been so prodigal of sunshine, so free from lugubrious rains and horrific storms. It is hard to realise that it is all over. It seems only yesterday that the March winds were blowing, full of the promise of nascent loveliness, no matter how boisterous. Is it possible that half a year is gone since we were gathering daffodils, a-watch for the first swallow, intent to catch the first note of the cuckoo? Once upon a time the months dragged by on such laggard feet! A little later, when schooldays were past, the hours of springtide and summer stayed with us, and there was time in them for all we desired. But now they but flit across us, and are off. With empty hands and aching hearts we are left how utterly unsatisfied! The wind is up to-night, as we sit penning these dolorous meditations, howling and whistling amongst the trees and the house-tops as six months ago the March winds howled and whistled: but with how different a sound it strikes upon us! For this night's rain and wind what shall we see when they have spent themselves, and, if luck has it, the morning breaks misty but promising, till by-and-by the sun shines upon us out of a sky of quiet blue? Alas! the boughs are thinner than they were yesterday of foliage, brown and yellow leaves litter the ground, there are barren twigs here and there, and even where the bushes stand still thick their stained leaves are growing curled and brittle at the edges. Yes, there will have been a touch of frost in the morning, and another such rain and wind will play havoc indeed. Even for the most unobservant, even for the most hopeful of us, the summer will have clean gone.

If what we may call wild nature thus warns and admonishes us in our fleeting estate, so do those civilising bodies the horticultural societies with their recurrent exhibitions. For example. When we are bidden to a show of dahlias, well, it sets us thinking of fogs and early gaslight, of the long evenings, of overcoats and strongsoles, till even Christmas itself—a month since but a name, a memory—rises clear and imminent on the horizon. And it is this very week that these ominous blossoms are upon us. On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday last the hospitable walls of the Royal Aquarium gave shelter to how vast, to how imposing and resplendent a gathering of them. Let us straightaway make a frank confession. We went to this show unhesitatingly, as in duty bound, but—to be honest—we went to it with little enthusiasm, with a certain dread upon us. The dahlia as we knew it in bygone days, as the popular mind even still thinks of it, was hardly an alluring flower. It could excite wonder

indeed at the mechanical perfection of its rotundity and the even whorls of its tight petals. But these were qualities quite distressingly unpoetical; nay more, they were precisely the qualities one did not wish to associate with flowers. Along with their hardness, rigidity, a sort of engine-turned precision, there was a coarseness too about these blatant blossoms, unredeemed by any sweet delicacy of perfume; their very colours somewhat gross, monotonous, and though powerful, no doubt, yet unpleasantly aggressive. These are hard words to write about any flower that blows; but man's curiosity and skill had painfully made of the poor dahlia such a flower as not unjustly merited them. Horticultural ingeniousness and perversity had made a dahlia stand for all that a true lover of flowers held most abhorrent. An impression thus carefully established spreads wide, and is dissipated not readily. As we have just said, we ourselves were in bondage to it up to this very week of grace. When we paid our shilling and passed through the Aquarium turnstile last Tuesday, it was a sense of duty that propelled us, not the alluring thought of any feast of loveliness awaiting us within.

And lo! there was such a feast. Amazed at once upon our entrance, we lingered and lingered, strolling from stall to stall, and returning yet again, more and more astonished and captivated. The old, expected, traditional dahlia was there of course, there in unsurpassable perfection: but it was no longer dominant. Some twenty years ago, it would seem, a new variety came in to dispute supremacy with it: and to-day the new variety has more than established itself. The cactus-dahlia they call it: as a matter of fact, to the ordinary observer it suggests far more a chrysanthemum than a cactus flower—but we will quarrel not with the name. If it has not the delicacy of a chrysanthemum in hue or texture or form, it has all a chrysanthemum's range of colour with a yet greater brilliance. Its brilliance indeed is unsurpassed by any blossom to be found, its brilliance and its clarity of colour. Looking down from the gallery upon this gathering of dahlias as a mass, it is the reds and the yellows that are dominant—the clearest yellows one can imagine possible, and the reds of every shade of orange and crimson, passing at last into a purple so deep that it is only just not black. In speaking of flowers we often use the words, What a blaze of colour! But we use the expression thoughtlessly, inaccurately. Chrysanthemums, for instance, will never give you a "blaze" of colour, azaleas will never give it you, roses will never give it you. The texture, the surface, of all these petals are too delicate, even when their tints are brilliant or rich, to let the word "blaze" be really appropriate to them. But with these dahlias it is otherwise: this is just what in the mass is true of them, they do "blaze" with colour. Even in the subdued light of the Aquarium one felt it, and what would they have been out-of-doors in the sunshine!

Certainly nothing can be further removed from the old, conventional, hard, rotund blossoms than these cactus varieties. It is not only that we have an immense range of colour in them, for the older form nowadays too may boast an equal range; but their long, narrow, curved petals yield a delightful variety of form, wholly unsuggestive of mechanical production, and an endless play of light and shade. And it is precisely this variety, no doubt, that adds much to the beauty and force of their colour, so that, even when in a specimen of the old and of the new forms we have a tint that is identical, it is the new that outshines the old. If we were in the mood for preaching, here surely would be a text to our hand, upon which we might dilate at length with much illustration, admonishing our good nurserymen of many errors, and counselling them to a reformation. For it is indeed sadly true that in our arts so many of us so often pride ourselves rather upon our ingenuity in overcoming a difficulty, upon showing our accomplishment in technique, than in devoting ourselves to beauty and fine interest. To produce on a veritable plant a blossom that shall rival an artificial one, measured up and executed with mathematical precision, must indeed be superlatively difficult, and its accomplishment a very tour de force. Who can fail to admire and applaud the skill, the patience, the experience, that have gone to make possible so marvellous a

production? And who can be sensitive to nature and to beauty, but he wishes that the thing had been impossible?

And yet as we write these words we are almost tempted to erase them. When we think of the "Pompon" dahlias, those dahlias as it were in miniature, grown so perfectly, so round, so symmetrical, so flawless in their exactitude, so rich or brilliant in their colour, some of them so delicate in their variation of colours, we have hardly the heart to let these condemnatory remarks stand. These diminutive blossoms are indeed fascinatingly exquisite: we would not have them away, we would not have them other than they are. Ah! yes, you see, but there lies the secret of it. They are by comparison diminutive, they are dahlias in miniature, they are as a bit of dainty china for the cabinet that one handles curiously, smiles over, puts cautiously back behind the glass. Size makes a very world of difference to us in the arts, wrongly or rightly: and even in nature who does not discriminate between the charm of a fly and a blue-bottle? In the art of horticulture, as elsewhere, it is no small matter whether a blossom be two inches in diameter, or half a foot.

"THE LABYRINTH OF THE WORLD."*

BOHEMIAN literature, for the most part given up to histories of piety and savagery, contains one book of genius, and it is this book which Count Lützow has translated into English, with great skill and accuracy. The full title, in the original, is: "The Labyrinth of the World and the Paradise of the Heart; that is, a book that clearly shows that this world and all matters concerning it are nothing but confusion and giddiness, pain and toil, deceit and falsehood, misery and anxiety, and lastly, disgust of all things and despair; but he who remains in his own dwelling within his heart, opening it to the Lord God alone, will obtain true and full peace of mind and joy." It was written in 1623, at the age of thirty-one, by John Amos Komensky, better known as Comenius, who, later in life, wrote largely on education, and has been remembered, outside his own country, as an educational authority, and no more. But Komensky was something more than this, and his one imaginative work, written, as the title indicates, from a religious conviction (he was a pastor of the "Bohemian Brethren"), is a kind of "Pilgrim's Progress", with something of "Gulliver's Travels" in it as well, and it may be compared, as a piece of literature, with both these "criticisms of life". It was written almost at the same time as the "Pilgrim's Progress", and Count Lützow has shown good judgment in rendering it into an English for the most part as homely as Bunyan's. In spite of a few awkwardnesses here and there, for which Komensky is not responsible, the translation has this great merit, that it is a faithful mirror, rendering alike the merits and the defects of the original. Where Komensky repeats himself, or, like Rabelais, but with less intentional extravagance, uses ten synonyms for one statement, Count Lützow has patiently followed him, going the round of every circumlocution, stepping from the past to the present tense, and back again from the present tense to the past, whenever Komensky chooses; using mean words boldly, when Komensky has called mean things by their names; catching at an archaic word, when an archaic word best renders the word in the original, or a familiar term, slang almost, when that too seems to become most expressive. It is not often that Komensky writes with any large effects of style, so that skill in rendering him consists in following his actual words very closely. "When I inclined my ears, everything was full of knocking, stamping, scrubbing, whispering, and screaming", he tells us, in his first impression of the world; and, of the ignorant physicians: "Then they immediately cooked, stewed, roasted, broiled, cauterised, cooled, burnt, hacked, sawed, pricked, sewed together, bound up, greased, hardened, softened, wrapped up, poured out medicines." The work of a very literal mind, all this requires to be rendered above

* "The Labyrinth of the World and the Paradise of the Heart." By John Amos Komensky (Comenius). Edited and translated by Count Lützow. London: Sonnenschein, 1901.

all things literally; and Count Lützow has given us, as it seems to me, the very form and savour of his author, by his strenuous patience in following him step by step.

Komensky's mind was a kind of mechanical intelligence, moving with hard precision, allegorising by rule, with a shrewdness a little sharpened by a kind of abstract malice. He builds up his allegory by a process of reasoning, coming after the poets and makers of metaphors, and using for his own purpose what remains over when the poetry has cooled. Poetry may often be truth concentrated into a metaphor; Komensky takes hold of the metaphor, and resolves it to its original essence of truth; as when he sees Death shooting arrows, and, looking closer, perceives that Death has nothing but a bow, and that each man fashions his own arrow. Here, as always, imagination comes to him through logic, through a literal, matter-of-fact unravelling of ideas or figures, taken at their word. When he first considers the vanity of the world's works, this is how he sees it: "Some, indeed, collected sweepings and divided them amongst themselves; some hurried here and there with timber and stones, or dragged hem up with a windlass, and then dropped them; some dug up earth, and conveyed it from place to place; the others occupied themselves with little bells, looking-glasses, alembics, rattles, and other playthings; others also played with their own shadow, measuring and pursuing it and catching at it; and all this so vigorously that many groaned and sweated, and some, indeed, also injured themselves." It is like one watching the swarming of insects, mocking their labours by the mere enumeration of them, emptying his human contempt on them for busying themselves with ends not his own, measuring their doings by the standard of his own mind. There is a fine intellectual callousness in it, a cold cruelty of logic which is almost a more fundamental criticism of life than Swift's lacerating satire. One sees that Swift is in a rage, and one allows for the exaggeration and partiality of one who is in a rage. But Komensky is neither in a rage nor does he seem to be touched with pity, nor yet to laugh at the follies which he sees. He is as chilled as Plotinus on his stone; he seems to be but a vast pair of eyes and ears, sucking in appearances, and transmuting them coldly into observations. The irony, and the condemning force of the truth, come in as if by accident; the philosophy lies all in the framework, like a rigid thing of mere hard measurement.

The lesson which Komensky has for us, the lesson of all disinterested searchers in the world, is this: "I have seen and beheld and understood that I myself am nothing, understand nothing, possess nothing; neither do others; it is but a vain conceit." On the way he has seen Fame: "it befell that one arrived claiming immortality, who, asked what deed worthy of immortal memory he had done, replied that he had destroyed the most glorious thing in the world of which he knew." He has seen the great of the earth, seated on high and toppling seats, on the very edge of a great height, where they might be seen by all who are below: "the higher a seat was, the easier it was to shake it". The rich sit chained in darkness, counting and kissing the links of their chains, which they think to be of pure gold. Lovers stand in front of a gate called betrothment: "in front of it there was a wide square in which crowds of people of both sexes walked about, and each one looked into the eyes of the other; and not only this, but they also looked at one another's ears, nose, teeth, neck, tongue, hands, feet, and other limbs; also did each measure the other—how tall, how broad, how stout, or how slender he was." The newsmen blow their whistles in the street, and men rejoice or lament according to the cheerful or mournful sound of the whistle. The rhetoricians keep school: "where, behold, many stood holding brushes, and they discussed as to how words either written or spoken into the air could be coloured green, red, black, white, or whatever colour a man might wish." The poets are seen to be "a troop of agile young men who were weighing syllables on balances, and measuring them by the span, rejoicing meanwhile, and skipping round them". The natural philosophers are trying to crack the nuts of the tree of nature: "some, indeed, stared

till their eyes pained them, and gnawed till they broke their teeth." The pilgrim inquires after the men of learning, and finds them fighting with "reeds and quills, which they loaded with powder that had been dissolved in water"; unlike other fighters, these do not even spare the dead, but still hack at their bodies. The books, out of which they get their learning, are found to be so many gallipots in a chemist's shop, containing "remedies against the ailments of the mind", which the most part cram until they are sick. Merchants trading by land and by sea are seen at their hard and perilous business; and it is in the description of a storm at sea that we find the most vivid and sustained piece of writing in the book.

"The Labyrinth of the World" ends with a cry of despair: "O God, God, God! God, if Thou art a God, have mercy on wretched me!" But Komensky has not finished; we turn the page and are in "The Paradise of the Heart". The satirist, the observer, the contemner of worldly things, has given place to the Christian, the mystic, the Quietist. A voice is heard saying: "Return! return whence thou camest to the house of the heart, and then close the doors behind thee." A little light comes in through the cracked and dusty windows, and then brighter and brighter light, and a transforming energy which cleanses everything in the house, and presently the presence of God himself, as guest and then as bridegroom, and an inner illumination in which all that has been seen awry is seen in its true order. The pilgrim learns how he may live in the world without living as the world lives, realising now "that the world is not so heavy that it may not be endured, nor so valuable that its loss need be regretted". ARTHUR SYMONS.

A ROYAL MOSQUE.

THERE is no building in Cairo so impressive as the great Mosque of Sultan Hasan. It towers up, with its sheer grey walls, over against the Citadel, and dwarfs every other feature of the view. From the battlements of the fortress one could almost throw a stone on to its roof, and it is matter of history that the mosque was frequently used as a redoubt, not for defence, but for attack on the Citadel. In the fourteenth century, not a generation after the foundation of the mosque, the staircase by which the muëzzins ascended to chant the call to prayer from the minarets was demolished, because in times of revolt the rebels would climb up to the top terrace on the walls and bombard the Citadel from that vantage ground. In the seventeenth century the great door remained closed for fifty years because it offered a point d'appui in popular tumults. There was often a brisk artillery duel between the fortress and the sanctuary, and some of the shot are still to be seen in the walls of Sultan Hasan, witnesses to the struggle which preceded the accession of Mehemet Ali and the establishment of the present dynasty in Egypt. The mosque suffered other indignities. Its present dumpy dome is but a poor successor to the glorious cupola which once crowned the edifice and excited the admiration of Pietro della Valle as late as 1616, who pronounced it "la piu bella che si sia". Of the four minarets originally designed, one was never built, a second fell during construction and buried 300 school children, a third tumbled down later on, and was replaced by a squat successor, so that only one of the original minars now stands. Evidently—like too many of the lovely creations of Arab art—the mosque was not built for all time; and one marvels at the courage of the acrobat—a renegade Frank of the fifteenth century—who tied a rope to one of the minarets, stretched it taut to the opposite tower of the Citadel, and walked across, performing various tricks on the way, to the admiration and terror of the populace.

The mosque of Sultan Hasan has always been upheld as the chef d'œuvre of Arab art. Makrizi, the learned topographer of Egypt, writing near the beginning of the fifteenth century, said it had no equal in Mohammedan countries. It was six years a-building (1356-1362); if one includes the internal decoration; and the Sultan Hasan, who glorified his very insignificant, not to say shady, reputation by its construction,

is said to have spent 20,000 dirhems a day on the work; and whether you reckon the dirhem at its old value of a franc, or even at the reduced rate of a groat in the fourteenth century, 20,000 dirhems a day are not to be sneezed at, especially when the days grow into months and years. One is not surprised to read that the Sultan, who wanted money for the menus plaisirs of the ladies of his establishment, began to be sorry he had undertaken so costly a monument. He did not live to see it finished, but his tomb is still a place of pilgrimage in the chamber behind the niche which turns to Mekka; and there one may still read the inscriptions of pious visitors, lamenting their sins and praying for pardon. The beautiful carved stalactites that mask the corners of the tomb-chamber, where they gradually merge into the dome, are now falling to pieces, but enough is left to show not only how splendid were the decorations, but how independent and original were the designs of the unknown architect who stamped the whole building with the seal of his genius. There are other mosques more delicate in their arabesques and more graceful in outline—one naturally thinks of the soft tones of the fawn-coloured dome and minaret of Kait Bey in the "Tombs of the Caliphs" with more affection—but for bold and natural treatment of Arab decorative motives, for a large use of stalactite, especially in the splendid external cornice, and for a grandiose conception of massive proportions, Sultan Hasan has no rival.

Even without going to Cairo one may get an adequate idea of this superb monument in the memoir recently published by the Commission for the Preservation of the "Monuments of Arab Art," whose business it is to counteract, as far as may be, the destructive hand of time in dealing with the precious remains of Saracenic art in Egypt. The architect of the Commission, Herz Bey, who has worked indefatigably in preserving and repairing the monuments, has written the memoir and prepared the plans and illustrations of this beautiful volume. The twenty large plates present views of the mosque and its several parts from different points, as well as drawings of decorative details, some in colours, and sections of the principal buildings attached to the mosque. For Sultan Hasan is a college as well as a temple, and contains rooms for the lodging and instruction of students, divided into four sections representing the four orthodox sects of Islam, each of which has a quarter to itself. The plates alone form an invaluable record of the monument, as well as an artistic treasure; but Herz Bey has prefixed full descriptions of the various parts—some of which, such as the unsuspected "Salle d'Ablutions", he has himself unearthed,—printed all the Arabic inscriptions with translations, and collected the chief notices of Oriental and European writers on the subject. He inclines to the opinion that the architect must have been a Greek trained in Asia Minor under Seljuk influences, and thus he accounts for the many peculiarities of the building. Whoever built it, one cannot but regard its increasing decrepitude with dismay. One object of the present publication is to arouse such interest in the subject that the necessary funds for the complete repair of the mosque may be raised. Herz Bey estimates the cost at £40,000, and this sum is quite beyond the present budget of the Commission. We doubt very much whether private subscriptions could be obtained in sufficient quantity, and it will probably be necessary for Lord Cromer to obtain another subsidy from the Caisse de la Dette. Four years ago the Debt Commissioners allotted £20,000 to the Commission for the preservation of the monuments, and that sum has proved the salvation of many priceless buildings, such as the Mosque of Mardani. There is a rumour from Cairo that the request for a subsidy for Sultan Hasan will not be rejected, and if this prove true it will confirm our opinion that, in spite of its strange constitution and the very liberal criticism which it has received, the Caisse de la Dette knows how to employ its large resources for the advantage of the country and for the best interests of civilisation. We must add that, next

to the material improvement of Egypt in the matter of irrigation and agriculture, there are few objects that better deserve support than the protection and preservation of the monuments so carefully carried out by the Commission. We have now received the Annual Report of its proceedings for 1899, and although we could wish that these Reports were issued more promptly—the fault seems to lie with the press of the French Archaeological Institute to which, for some mysterious reason, the printing of the Commission is entrusted—there is no doubt whatever as to the excellence of the work done or the vigilance and technical skill of the chief architect in resisting encroachments upon monuments and in repairing past injuries.

THE OFFICE OF WORKS v. ARCHITECTURE.

HIS MAJESTY'S Office of Works took advantage of the approach of the holiday season to do one of the improbably stupid things that unfortunately characterise our Government's dealings with artists, and the protests made have apparently not in the least shaken the official determination to persist in a blunder and serious injustice. I do not know whether it is still too late to hope that Mr. Akers-Douglas and his colleagues will go back on their decision and take the course urged upon them by their critics, with how much reason the readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW will judge when they have heard the facts.

Some years ago, it will be remembered, two architects were appointed to design important blocks of Government Offices in Westminster: to Mr. Young was assigned the new War Office; to Mr. Brydon the building in Parliament Street. The general design in each case was prepared, but both architects died when their work was only begun. How far exactly Mr. Young had carried his designs is not generally known; but it has been arranged that his son, in conjunction with the staff of the Office of Works, shall complete them. Mr. Clyde Young is very likely as well qualified as was his father to carry out the War Office; for the late Mr. Young was singularly lucky in securing first the Glasgow Municipal Buildings and then this still more important commission. In any case there has been no audible criticism of this arrangement. It is over Mr. Brydon's building that the discussion has arisen. Mr. Leonard Stokes, the architect, who is an executor of Mr. Brydon, tells us how matters stand in regard to the drawings. Mr. Brydon had made out his plans and general elevations, but what are called "detail drawings" remained to be executed. "The drawings handed over to the Office of Works were but incomplete drawings for the carcass of the building. Two-fifths of the fees due to Mr. Brydon on the whole building were paid for these drawings; therefore it may be taken that three-fifths of the work which Mr. Brydon was employed to do remains to be done by someone. . . . A number of ½-inch scale details are in existence; but many of these were hurriedly made to help the quantity surveyors to obtain a tender, and Brydon himself would have been the first to admit that these drawings required very careful reconsideration and revision." The unprofessional reader may be misled by the word "detail", and suppose that the completion of the design from the indications in the general sketch is a subordinate and almost mechanical work which any trained draughtsman might carry out. This is far from being the case. In "details" are included the configuration, projection, proportion of all that gives "feature" to the general carcass; cornices, windows, doors, with their mouldings, as well as purely ornamental additions; the first elevations are in fact a sketch which takes its definite character and quality when these features are drawn out. It was just in this part of the work moreover that Mr. Brydon excelled: he was not a big designer of the first order, but a thorough and painstaking scholar, who carried out such detail design with his own hand.

Now all this part of the work, three-fifths of the whole, as Mr. Stokes puts it, the Office of Works have decided to turn over to their own clerks, to complete the sketch with "office-of-works detail". Instead of looking about for an architect at least Mr. Brydon's

* La Mosquée du Sultan Hasan au Caire. Par M. Herz Bey. Le Caire. 1900. £3 5s.

equal in classical work, they hand over his sketch for one of the most important projects of a century to the routine draughtsmen of a Government department.

The motive for this remarkable transaction was said by the First Commissioner to be economy. The Treasury had made handsome provision for the architect's fees; £26,000 was assigned to this purpose, and of this only £10,000 had been paid. If it was really to save a few thousands that the officials decided to carry through the biggest building of the time without an architect their action is quite unpardonable; besides being an artistic blunder it comes uncommonly near being a breach of contract. Suppose that Mr. Brydon were still living and Mr. Akers-Douglas came to him and said, "We have now got your main plans and elevations, and it has occurred to us that really we need not trouble you further; there are all the detail drawings to be made, but only one man in a hundred would know the difference between your designs and those of our clerks. Our clerks will do them more cheaply, and we have decided to effect this economy"—what would have been thought of such a proceeding? Not even a Government department dealing with an artist would dream of acting quite so—lightheartedly, let us put it. It is true that the Office of Works once went very near doing this in the past, but it then had as its excuse the fact that the artist, through not being up to time, had broken his contract. The First Commissioner of Stevens's day locked up his model for the Wellington monument and proposed to hand it over to someone else to finish, like a bit of drainage. Now does it alter the ethics of the business, let alone the artistic question, that the particular architect with whom the contract was made is dead? The contract is also surely with the public to the extent that money was voted to secure that this very important building should be completed under the supervision of the best architect procurable. The Government put forward Mr. Brydon as the best they could procure; he slipping out, are they not bound to find another? If they considered that their Office of Works was capable of designing and carrying through a great monument, why did they go to outsiders in the first instance?

The officials, feeling that the argument from economy was rather damaging, have recently put forth, through a correspondent in the "Times", a revised plea for their action. It was not, they now say, to save money that we took over the work, but to ensure in the first place that Mr. Brydon's beautiful design should be carried out as he intended it, and in the second place that the interior of the new offices should be convenient and comfortable for those who will have to use them. Besides, our own staff have designed and carried out public buildings satisfactory in every respect; witness, among others, the new Record Office. Mr. Stokes, in reply, and the "Times" itself have made mincemeat of these pleas. Since Mr. Brydon's details are not in existence it is impossible for the Office of Works or anyone else to complete the design exactly as he would have done. Details then must be designed, and the alternative is between an architect, equally as capable as Mr. Brydon of designing details, and the notorious manner of the Office of Works. Mr. Stokes retorts upon the argument from convenience the famous mess which resulted from the interference of the same authorities with Mr. Street's designs for the Law Courts; nor does it appear from what he says that the Record Office is any more happy in its internal planning than in the design of its exterior. The same apologist hints that no first-rate architect would accept the task of carrying out Mr. Brydon's project. It is extremely probable that no architect who knows his business would agree to be tied down to every detail of Mr. Brydon's first sketch. He would claim the same liberty of revision and improvement that Mr. Brydon himself would have claimed when the sketch came to be reduced to detail. What the final result of Mr. Brydon's reshaping would have been no one can say; the only way of getting its equivalent is to put in Mr. Brydon's place an architect sympathetic with his general ideas in design, who will take up the work where it has been dropped, and give the years of invention and care that are still needed to carry it through worthily. Otherwise we shall have a

very important building botched, at some points by a stupid adherence to features of the first project that might be improved, at others by eruptions of comfort and convenience imperfectly adapted to the scheme; and over it all in its detail the mark of the Office. The Government, if their Foreign Secretary died, would not hand over an unfinished treaty to the clerks in the Stationery Office; if their Secretary for War died they would not entrust an unfinished campaign to the officials of the Commissariat department, however efficient these might be in their own business; are they so impenetrable to common sense that when the unfinished project is artistic they cannot see the reasonableness of appointing an artist for its direction?

D. S. M.

TWO PADDED PLAYS.

A LOITERER in other climes, I am not yet abreast of London's theatrical season. I have seen only two samples of it—Mr. Esmond's play at the Comedy, and Mr. Carton's at the Criterion. Neither of them, alas! pleases me. But each of them, belike, is rather better than it seems to me, or, at least, each would have seemed to me better two months ago. Unless he be a true dramatomaniac, it is very dangerous for the critic of theatres to take even a brief holiday. From even the briefest contact with actual life he comes back impatient of the life behind the foot-lights. He is no longer able to make to theatrical art those due concessions which, by subtle force of habit, he had been making quite readily. Even the noblest play will give him the fidgets. He will not surrender himself to any illusion. All art will strike him as mere artifice, as a fuss about nothing. His body will be conscientiously in its stall, but his soul will be petulantly aloof, marveling to find the same old games still going on, marveling still more to find human beings still able to take some semblance of interest in the results of them. Therefore Mr. Carton and Mr. Esmond need not be driven to suicide by my disapproval of their latest achievements. At the same time, I assure them that these achievements have sensibly diminished my own will-to-live.

Unable to derive pleasure from these two plays, or to believe that anyone else in the audience could really do so, and yet desperately anxious to look on the bright side of things, I fall to hoping that perhaps their authors enjoyed the writing of them. In a lately reprinted essay on Amiel, Walter Pater wrote of "that criticism which is in itself a kind of construction, or creation, as it penetrates, through the given literary or artistic product, into the mental and inner constitution of the producer". Let me apply such criticism to "When We Were Twenty-One" and to "The Undercurrent"; let me make a dash for the mental and inner constitutions of Mr. Esmond and Mr. Carton. Perhaps I shall find that these gentlemen may have revelled in their work.

The chief note of Mr. Esmond's latest play is sentimentalism—a luxuriant, uproarious sentimentalism. Not one scene could have been written but by a true sentimentalist, and, since it is the nature of the sentimentalist to enjoy the function of sentimentality, it follows that Mr. Esmond must have relished keenly the process of his work. Bitter though that work is to me, I like to think of Mr. Esmond at his desk, smiling, beaming, with the complete works of Dickens and Thackeray piled around his comfortable chair (an exact model, doubtless, of the empty one at Gad's Hill). A reading-lamp sheds its cosy radiance on his scenario, for, though the day is yet young, the curtains are drawn carefully across the windows, lest some glimpse of the outer modern world intrude to tempt him from his affectionate smatterings of the two great novelists of the past generation. Dick! Yes, the hero, of course, must be called Dick. He mustn't be young, because then he wouldn't be able to go through the play duly unconscious that the heroine is in love with him. And he mustn't be old, because then the heroine couldn't fall in love with him. He must be just middle-aged—the darling age of all sentimentalists. And he must be very absent-minded. He must leave half-burnt cigars on the polished oak-table.

"Ah, Dick, Dick, you sinner", murmurs Mr. Esmond, "where do you expect to go to? No, no, old chap, I was only joking. Those half-burnt cigars are symbols of a heart in the right place, and the audience will take them as such. And don't be ashamed of your shabby clothes, Dick. The audience will respect you for them. They are shabby because you are saving up that someone else may live in luxury. You are sacrificing yourself for someone. Heavens! Before all comes right at last, what sacrifices you will have had to make! You shall have a ward to make them for—the son of a dear dead comrade, bequeathed to you as a sacred trust. It shall be the dream of your life that this ward and the heroine shall be man and wife—yes! though you yourself love her fondly, passionately. And the unworthy ward shall get into 'an entanglement' from which you shall try, in the most fatuous way possible, to disentangle him. But don't be afraid, Dick! You shall marry your girl right enough, and my word! how touching shall be your joy in the sudden revelation that she has loved you 'from the first'! And as for the son of your dear dead comrade, just you leave him to me. There shall be grit in that lad, after all. He shan't go to the bad. There is always a war somewhere' he shall exclaim, as many another stage-lad has exclaimed before him, marching out with a firm tread to make himself worthy of you and of his father, whom Heaven bless." Yes! Mr. Esmond must have immensely enjoyed the mapping-out of this play. It seems, however, that when he came to the actual writing he found there was not quite enough to fill an evening bill. But there is for the artist an awful joy in tackling difficulties, and Mr. Esmond's heart must have leapt when he had the happy inspiration of multiplying Dick by four in order to swell the play to its proper length. Four Dicks! Think of it! Four dear middle-aged cronies, who were boys together and are still always together, and always trying to do what is best for the ward, except when they are talking over old times. One of them is "commonly called Waddles". Another is described as "the Soldier Man". Bless their hearts, how their tongues do wag, while they sit playing whist and drinking whisky as sentimentalists should. "I say, Dick, old boy, do you remember that day in Bulloin [Boulogne]?" "Do I remember that day!" "That night!" "Ah, that was a night!" "Waddles don't remember it, not he! Didn't even remember it next morning, did you, old boy?" "Shut up, Soldier Man! I'm a respectable citizen now." "So am I—worse luck!" "So are we all. Ah those days! Well, well, well!" "Shove that decanter across, will you? Thanks. Gentlemen, pray charge your glasses! I give you 'the old days'." "The old days, the old days!" In some such manner as this the old cronies maunder on. They do not amuse me. They do not touch me. I am glad that Mr. Esmond likes them, but I do trust that in his next play he will not reproduce them or any equivalent for them. I trust that he will once more deign to write a realistic play. I am not an out-and-out stickler for realism. I can admire fantasy. If Mr. Esmond had no talent for realistic work, or if his fantasies were charming, I should let him go his way unmolested. But his fantasies are always a blend of mawkish sentimentality and crude humour, whereas in "Grierson's Way", an attempt to deal honestly with a grim side of life, he gave us really admirable work. Let him cleanse himself and hark back to the manner of that play. Meanwhile, let him be grateful to Mr. Nat Goodwin and to Miss Maxine Elliott, who interpret him with a charm which he does not deserve.

Examining "The Undercurrent", I have not the solace of belief that Mr. Carton can have been happy when he wrote it. It is, obviously, the work of a witty man, and of a man with an instinct for dramatic construction. Even if Mr. Carton had written nothing else, this play would stamp him as a person to be reckoned with. And it is because I regard him as a person to be reckoned with that I am sure that he cannot have felt any pleasure in this play. Having got his main idea for the plot, he, like Mr. Esmond, found that he could not make enough of it to occupy a whole evening-performance. Consequently, like Mr. Esmond, he proceeded to pad. Unlike Mr. Esmond, he did not find a congenial means of padding. Mr. Carton has

no talent for melodrama, and his lack of such talent is glaringly illustrated by his failure to endow with any trace of verisimilitude the adventuress whom he drags in, or to extract from the situation in which he places her an ounce of dramatic force. As Mr. Carton must have foreseen, the adventuress falls completely flat. That he took any malicious pleasure in this doomed creation I refuse to believe. I pay him the compliment of averring that he must, also, have been deeply depressed by the other means which he found for expanding his play. People in a country-house rehearsing for amateur theatricals, and finally stumbling on dressed as Puritans and Cavaliers, may have been a funny enough motive many years ago. But all the fun, such as it was, has long since been extracted from them. To-day they are merely depressing. No one, I am sure, would be more depressed by them than Mr. Carton. They must have terribly intensified the fatigue which beset him when he wrote the play. That he was fatigued from the outset I deduce from his inability to make his central idea sufficient for an evening. The central idea is not a startling one—indeed, it is of the same kind as Mr. Esmond's, and hardly less hackneyed; but it is just the kind of idea from which, at his best, Mr. Carton would easily have got enough to make a charming comedy without any excrescences. Countess Zechyadi, the principal character, is quite delightful, as far as she goes, but Mr. Carton should have made much more of her. I retract. Since Hymen has induced Jove to decree that Miss Compton must always play the chief part in every play written by Mr. Carton, the part of Countess Zechyadi ought to have been made much less of. For in it Miss Compton is as hopelessly bad as the French accent which she assumes for it. "On ze day zat my friend marry, I zay to 'im 'Bong Voyaj'" is one of many passages that have bitten into my memory. But no system of phonetic spelling can do full justice to Miss Compton's pronunciation. Nothing has ever been heard like it. And then the solid Britannicism of her voice, face, figure, manner! If she came upon the stage helmeted and tridentated, with a lion and a unicorn frisking around her skirts, she could not seem less continental. Miss Violet Vanbrugh is to be pitied for having to play the absurd adventuress: it must be dreadful to waste so much earnestness night after night. Remarkable is the quietness with which Mr. Bouchier plays the principal man's part. Someone has evidently converted him to "restraint". At present his restraint is rather like that of an arrested motor-car. One seems to hear strange snorts and to feel terrible vibrations. But that, doubtless, is a mere nervous fancy.

MAX.

THE VALUATION OF A LIFE OFFICE.

THE valuation of a life office is the only effective revelation of its financial position, and affords the best criterion of its future prospects. The Valuation Returns of the Scottish Amicable afford a convenient opportunity for explaining how such returns can be intelligently judged. We learn in the first place that at the end of the year 1900 there were 14,813 policies in force, assuring £8,479,521, subject to the payment of yearly premiums of £252,821. It is necessary to know the present value of the sums assured, or in other words, the amount which it is necessary for the Society to have in hand to meet the liabilities as they fall due. In the majority of cases so long as the policies remain in force premiums have to be paid, and it is requisite to know also the present value of these future premiums. In making the valuation of sums assured and of premiums a great deal depends upon the mortality table and the rate of interest assumed in the calculations. In the case of assurances which have been in force for more than five years the Scottish Amicable employs the Healthy Males Table, excluding from observation the first five years of policy existence; during these first five years the rate of mortality is more favourable than in later years, in consequence of the superior quality of lives which have recently been medically examined. The H^m (5) Table provides for a heavier rate of mortality than any other in general use, and the

actual mortality is practically certain to fall short of the mortality provided for. When this is the case, surplus, or profit, results. For policies of less than five years duration the Healthy Males Table is employed, and in both cases it is assumed that the funds will earn interest at the rate of only $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum. The lower the rate of interest assumed, the larger the amount of funds it is necessary to have in hand in order to meet the liabilities as they accrue, and when the rate of interest assumed is substantially lower than the rate of interest that is being realised considerable surplus is provided for. The average rate earned by the Scottish Amicable during the past five years was £3 19s. 7d. per cent. per annum, showing that the liabilities were over-valued, and thus providing a very substantial sum for bonus distribution.

The premiums which the society will receive are valued by the Healthy Males Table, with interest at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. This means that the money which is to be received by the society is assumed to accumulate at a higher rate than its liabilities are valued at, and provides an additional, and little recognised reserve of £238,835 more than would have been the case if the receipts, like the liabilities, had been valued as is usually done on the same basis as the sums assured. The consequence is that the reserves of the Scottish Amicable are exceptionally strong, and therefore the bonus prospects for the future are phenomenally good. In ascertaining the present value of the premiums the society does not reckon upon receiving the full premiums which the policy-holders will pay; it only takes account of the net premiums according to the mortality table and rate of interest employed, and leaves the difference between the two as a provision for meeting future expenses. This difference amounts to 25 per cent. of the gross premiums, and as the actual expenditure of the society for the past five years has only been just over 14 per cent., there is a margin of $10\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the premiums to accumulate annually, and swell the surplus available for bonuses.

The difference between the present value of the sums assured and the present value of the net premiums to be received, together with the net liability on the annuities in force, is £3,880,779; but as the society has in hand funds amounting to £4,202,028, there is a surplus of £321,249. The actual surplus earned during the past five years was £253,339. As the Scottish Amicable is a mutual society the whole of this surplus belongs to the policy-holders, and in fact the surplus is larger than the Valuation Returns show, in consequence of the bonuses which are discounted under the Minimum Premium system not having been brought into the account.

For many years past the rate of bonus declared has been 30s. per cent. per annum on sums assured and previous bonuses, but on the present occasion the bonus has been increased to 35s. per cent. per annum, while at the same time the society fully maintains its extremely strong reserve, and, as a direct consequence, its exceptionally good bonus prospects for the future.

These are the salient points in a Life office valuation. There is scarcely any other office, perhaps there is no other office, which holds quite such strong reserves, or has quite such good bonus prospects as the Scottish Amicable. It represents British Life Assurance at its very best. The caution and the capacity which have won for the society its present position show no signs of falling off, and indeed the successful management in the past has rendered comparatively easy successful management in the future. Its financial strength, and its bonus results, attract to it as much business of a high quality as the office needs, and there is no occasion to indulge in high expenditure for the purpose of obtaining new business. The same considerations conduce to a favourable mortality rate, and to valuable connexions, which are of service to the society in numerous ways. It is easy to see how, in the case of a Life office it is especially true that "nothing succeeds like success". The Scottish Amicable has succeeded in the past to a very marked degree, and the maintenance of that success in the future is a prophecy which may safely be indulged in, with every confidence that it will be fulfilled.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A SHORT WAY WITH ANARCHISTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Royal Societies Club, St. James's Street, S.W.

17 September.

SIR,—It appears to me that there are two codes of justice in accordance with which anarchist-assassins might be profitably dealt with; the poetic and the practical. Were the former resorted to, the judge would address the criminal, on conviction, as follows: "The object you and your fellow-conspirators have in view is the establishment of No Law. You desire, honestly no doubt, the abolition of all law, all property, all order, all government, all administration and protection. Good. You shall now be gratified. You may go—a free man. But as this Court abstains from punishing you, so will it abstain from protecting you." The criminal would then be made to leave the Court by the method known at sea as walking the plank; only instead of falling into blue water he would find himself in the midst of an exasperated and ferocious mob, and, if at the end of five minutes there remained leg or arm attached to his vile body, I do not know what mobs are capable of when their passions are once up.

That would be poetical justice. Practical justice demands that the Governments of Europe should discover or select a convenient island, somewhere near the Antarctic Circle for choice, isolated, very sparsely wooded and precipitous towards the sea; and there should all anarchists be marooned, be they assassins or conspirators or instigators. The conditions should be such as to make escape impossible, and no communication should be permitted between the inhabitants of the island and any vessel that might happen to pass. Once there, it would be a matter of indifference whether they spent their time in murdering each other or in trying to protect themselves against hunger and the rigours of the climate. I need scarcely say that there should be no control whatever from the outside; no gaolership, no organisation, no interference of any sort. The criminals should be simply left there to work out their own salvation or damnation in their own way.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

FREDERIC H. BALFOUR.

ANARCHY AND ASSASSINATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Finsbury Park, 18 September.

SIR,—Every word that you wrote last week on the above subject when it was believed that President McKinley would live seems to me emphasised now that he has succumbed. Anarchy has no programme but murder, as you say, and why the nations individually and collectively hesitate to stamp out its germs, as they would germs of another fell disease, it is impossible for the plain man to understand. It is a great curse that anarchic ideas are propagated and kept alive by mere theorists, whose teaching the wilder and harder spirits seriously accept and seek to carry out.

I am afraid I am not enough of a metaphysician to be able to distinguish between the man who advocates anarchy and the man who attempts to achieve anarchy. If the former teach that the rulers of States and the high-placed generally are the enemies of the social ideal whatever that may be at which anarchy aims it is not very strange that malcontents who would be something more than theorists should seize every opportunity of furthering the cause by removing persons so obnoxious to their views. It should be made a serious offence to preach anarchy; anarchist haunts should be subject to the constant attentions of the police, and anarchists literature ruthlessly destroyed even at the risk, which is not very great, of advertising it. President McKinley would not have died in vain if his death resulted in some international scheme for crushing out the maddest and most inhuman of all anti-social movements.

Yours, &c. WILLIAM REEVES.

EXAMINATIONS IN UTOPIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 16 September.

SIR,—In regard to recent utterances on education and pending changes in this direction I am surprised that

no voice has been raised against the now very fashionable tendency to decry the value of the test by examination. Personally I have not a word to say in favour of payment by results or of neglecting the rank and file of big schools and classes in order to push forward the few for scholarships at Oxford and Cambridge, but this is quite another matter from the legitimate use of an examination which is really to rouse and stimulate whole forms and classes to a vigorous and profitable intellectual competition. In this respect mental culture is exactly on all fours with athletic and physical training, and what schoolmaster who really desired the attainment of the mens sana in sano corpore would suggest that his boys should play games minus scoring boards and without any view of winning, or dream of organising athletic sports without prizes and time tests?

The same principle applies to a class room and I venture to think that in order to wake up a large class of boys, dull and clever alike, to take a healthy interest in form work throughout the whole of a term, no better plan will ever be devised than a periodical publication of marks and places during term plus a constant reminder of a final term examination.

Sir John Gorst quotes the old saying of the University tutor that "as soon as an examinee begins to think he is lost", but this only illustrates the bad side of examination which involves mere cramming.

But why should a term-end examination preclude the process of thought and the bringing into play of intellectual interest which will ultimately fit boys to appreciate what is best in either art, science or literature, as well as to become useful citizens?

When any one of these rabid opponents of examinations convinces me that a desire to win a house or school match prevents a boy from making a scientific boundary cut or cultivating a good style at cricket, then, and not till then, am I prepared to discuss the use of examinations.

Not only so, but I hold that the present tendency to decry examinations contains the germs of a, so to speak, degenerate intellectual socialism, a dull dead level of mental training, which, pace Sir John Gorst and the whole educational section of the British Association, is calculated to kill rather than to stimulate youthful thought.

A happy, happy hunting-ground indeed for a few brief years, with many regrets in promise for after life, would a public school be minus the Christmas and summer examinations.

Believe me, Sir, your obedient servant,

A. G. MUNRO.

[Such examinations as our correspondent favours do not exist outside Utopia and his own imagination. The "dull dead level of mental training" is a product of cram and examination—which practically are two words for the same thing in this country to-day—and so are the competition wallah and the officer who failed in South Africa. Cobbett, had he lived, might have substituted the examination for the bank note as his "Curse of England".—ED.]

COUNTY CRICKET.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Wimbledon, 19 September.

SIR,—It is rather late in the year to talk about cricket, but perhaps not too soon to suggest reforms for future seasons. With the wholly admirable article on County Cricket which I read in your last number I have no sort of complaint. In its summing up of the past season's doings it shows just that grip of events which for many many years I have learned to expect from the SATURDAY. But one portion of it has set me wondering, and, while my chief passion in life is certainly not that of "writing to the papers", I feel constrained to draw attention to what I think is a distinct flaw in the regulations governing the issue of the county championship.

These regulations, as laid down by the only possible authority, the M.C.C., take into account only the matches actually won or lost, drawn games being expressly ignored. This would be an excellent arrange-

ment if the percentage of drawn games were insignificant. But your article shows that during the past season thirty-eight per cent. of the total matches played were left unfinished. My horror of figures prevents me looking more closely into the matter, but I am strongly under the impression that this percentage of drawn games to the total number played—lamentably high as it is—is a good deal below that of the average season.

Wherefore it seems to me that if drawn games can amount to nearly half of the total of championship fixtures it is quite time they were taken into account in some way or other. If not, then I need trouble neither you nor myself any further. But if the point is a useful one, what is the most practical way of dealing with the difficulty? I venture to suggest that while one point is scored for a won game, a half-point should be credited to the side getting the better of a draw. And this latter point should be decided by the average number of runs scored for the wickets that fall in the course of the game. For instance, the extra match played at the Oval this week for Lockwood's benefit between Surrey and Yorks ended in a draw. (I am simply taking this match as the nearest to hand for purposes of illustration; it was not one of the "championship" fixtures of the season.) But how did the play go before the curtain was rung down? Surrey lost fourteen wickets for 326 runs, averaging 23.28 runs per wicket. Yorkshire's only innings showed run-getting ability to the extent of 25.40 per wicket. Would it not in these circumstances be fair to say that Yorkshire had the better of the game? Then, I say, give them half a point for so much superiority, rather than ignore the game in the tables. This principle worked out through the season would give a certain amount of honour where it was due, and would tend to prevent a team occupying an undeservedly high position in the final lists through a preposterously large proportion of drawn to finished games.

Yours, &c. EDGAR PALMER.

THE ANCIENT FAMILY OF CHAMBERLAYNE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

17 September.

SIR,—Among the letters that appeared in your paper a few years ago, exposing a number of persons who used armorial bearings to which they had no right, appeared the name of Mr. T. Chamberlayne of Cranbury Park, Hants. This gentleman replied in your columns, but was unable to produce any evidence to prove that he had the right to use the arms he does—viz. those of the ancient family of Chamberlayne, descended from John de Tankerville, chamberlain to Henry I. Now in the late editions of Burke's "Landed Gentry", where his family is described, he has after the word "*Lineage*" introduced a preamble referring to the ancient family I have alluded to; part of this paragraph is a quotation from Wotten's Baronetcy, dealing with a certain Sir John Chamberlayne, temp. Edward III. Kt. But at the end of this quotation Mr. Chamberlayne of Cranbury Park has added these words—"This branch of the family settled at Charlton in Kent".

He then gives his own pedigree, which begins with Thomas Chamberlayne of Charlton—born 1651 died 1710. Even supposing that the descendants of Sir John Chamberlayne did settle at Charlton, there is a blank to be filled up between him and Thomas Chamberlayne of some 300 years. But as a matter of fact the descendants of the said Sir John Chamberlayne settled at Sherborn, Oxfordshire, where his son Richard was buried in 1493. This, the eldest branch of the family remained at Sherborn until the reign of James I., when the male line became extinct.

I can find no reference in any pedigrees, county histories, &c., where this family is mentioned, that give any support to the statement, that any members of this ancient family were ever settled at Charlton, Kent. It appears to be a case of bringing the mountain to Mahomet.

Yours, &c.

A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE ANCIENT
FAMILY OF CHAMBERLAYNE.

REVIEWS.

MODERN HISTORY.

"Modern Europe." By T. H. Dyer. Third edition revised and continued by Arthur Hassall. Vols. I. and II. London: Bell. 1901. 12s. net.

"A Political History of Contemporary Europe from 1814." Translated from the French of Charles Seignobos. Two vols. London: Heinemann. 1901. 20s. net.

"Modern Europe 1815-1899." By W. Alison Phillips. London: Rivingtons. 1901. 6s. net.

UNTIL recently it was heresy to doubt whether the annals of a parish pump could interest the public or instruct the student. Fashion demanded that such books, if based upon the original authorities, should be called serious contributions to social history. We are glad to see that this fashion wanes. Let scientists say what they please, in history at least great truths do not emerge automatically from a catalogue of trivial facts, and a grain of insight will outweigh a ton of manuscript material. Histories may be written with a bias and without a logical method; but they must be literature or they cease to be history; and they can only be literature if they deal with great events, ideas and personalities. History must be grounded upon minute research, and the researcher is entitled to our gratitude. But he is not always, nor often, the man to write a history. That is a work which demands the power of discerning the essential and the courage to omit the irrelevant. The historian must condense and generalise; he has need of an imaginative faculty which can give flesh and blood to half-forgotten reputations, and envisage the dramatic situations of the past. Last but not least he requires a philosophy, that is to say an individual and characteristic point of view. Histories of this quality cannot, as a rule, be written at first hand. Their author will need the whole of his time and energy for the interpretation of the facts which others have collected. To call him superficial because he accepts assistance is in itself the height of superficiality. Judged by the standards of the academic pedant, Tacitus was a mere dabbler, Gibbon not much better. By degrees we are escaping from the pedant's tyranny. The demand for new facts is abating; the demand for a philosophic and dramatic treatment of great epochs is reviving. To this welcome change in popular taste the present vogue of books on European history bears witness. Three such books are now before us; or, to speak more exactly, one new book and two revised editions of well-known standard authorities. First in order of age comes Dyer's "Modern Europe", of which the first two volumes are now ready, while the other four are to be issued shortly. A more useful or interesting sketch of European history since 1453 it would be hard to name. Dr. Dyer did not claim to be scientific in the modern sense, and this is the great merit of his work. It overflows with anecdote and interesting scraps of detail. The author never attempts to disguise his Liberalism, and his comments upon men and movements are both positive and trenchant. He recognises no principle of arrangement except the chronological, and even to this he is not unduly faithful. His narrative is interspersed with general observations; it glances now backward into the past, now forward into the future. He is continually digressing from European into national history; and he has no Procrustean standard of relevance. His work in fact has a natural without a formal unity. He conducts us imperceptibly from one subject to another and we do not realise, until the end is reached, how carefully we have been made to explore all the important provinces of a great subject. Few histories of the second rank are more agreeable reading.

One drawback has hitherto impaired our pleasure in using Dyer's book. We felt that in the past thirty years some of his conclusions must have been corrected by the work of younger men; and few of us were in a position to know exactly where and to what extent he had become an obsolete authority. The present edition has been revised throughout, and the name of Mr. Hassall is a sufficient guarantee for its material accuracy. Revision has involved a number of changes in the original text. But Dr. Dyer, though a good literary

workman, was not the master of a style so distinctive that we need resent an occasional pruning or enlargement of his periods. We only wish that the notes had been revised with the same care as the text. The second-hand authorities which Dyer cites so largely are no longer much in use for purposes of reference. There are monographs, more modern and in every way more satisfactory, to which the inquiring reader might have been referred for further information. And this point is of the more importance since Dyer's "Modern Europe" is much in use among university students.

The present instalment of the new Dyer does not carry us beyond the sixteenth century. M. Seignobos and Mr. Phillips have this in common that they begin and end with the nineteenth. The English writer works upon the smaller canvas of the two. He deals with the inner history of European nations no further than is needful to explain the development of the larger commonwealth in which they are comprised. M. Seignobos has taken the same line in the first of the two divisions of his well-known manual. But the second of his divisions contains a number of separate studies on the social and constitutional development of the several states of Europe. The learning which he displays in the execution of this twofold task is more than sufficient to justify the translation of his book which Mr. Heinemann has published. Some slips by which the original French edition was disfigured have been corrected, and the result is that English readers will find M. Seignobos a safe and instructive, though by no means an inspiring, guide. M. Seignobos is dull enough to satisfy the most exacting of professional historians. But he selects his facts with judgment and arranges them in a manner convenient for purposes of reference. His is the kind of book which we are always glad to have at our elbow when studying modern history; for light reading we should almost prefer the "Annual Register" or Haydn's "Book of Dates". Almost, not quite; for M. Seignobos has prejudices which sometimes show themselves in an unexpected manner. He has not altogether realised the extent to which the interests of European Powers have spread beyond the limits of the Continent and the Mediterranean. He follows the traditional French view that ascendancy in Europe is the great prize which all diplomacy must hold in view. By ascendancy he understands the power and the habit of coercing other nations in matters which are not of vital interest to one's own. He belittles statesmen who have refused to take this point of view, and since land-forces are the most serviceable for such a policy of ascendancy he estimates the relative importance of European Powers by the simple method of comparing their armies. He has an exaggerated reverence for material success, and a corresponding contempt for ideas and the principles of international morality. He despises enthusiasm and values a settled social order, by whatever means maintained, above all the other benefits of civilisation. No agitator, however disinterested or unfortunate, can claim a share in his sympathies. He is in short a savant with the aristocratic tendencies, the intellectual timidity, the political inertness of his kind. And he has the knack of stating his most biased views in language of solemn reserve and ostentatious self-restraint which produces, at the first reading, an impression of omniscience coupled with stoical impartiality. Mr. Phillips, who is far less erudite, strikes us as far more open-minded. His narrative is the most readable of its kind that we have seen; and while we doubt if he could have written the second part of his rival's book, we are sure that on his own ground he has surpassed M. Seignobos. Mr. Phillips has produced one of the few books on the nineteenth century which enlighten instead of bewildering. We may regret the comparative narrowness of the field to which he devotes himself; and it must be allowed that his estimates of statesmen and events are not specially original. But his book, with the exception of the last chapter, has a balanced unity; it is written with method and dominated by sound general ideas. The last chapter, dealing with events since 1870, is a mere appendix as inevitable as it is unreadable, and only to be excused by the exigencies of the series for which Mr. Phillips has written.

RHYMERS OF ISIS AND CAM.

"The Complete Works of C. S. Calverley." London: Bell. 1901. 6s. net.

"The Book of the Horace Club. 1898-1901." Oxford: B. H. Blackwell. 1901.

C. S. C., J. K. S.—what happy memories of harmless amusement do such initials evoke! The entire works of the "beloved Cambridge rhymers" as J. K. S. called him, are here presented in one convenient and well-printed volume, with a portrait of the author and an interesting memorial preface by Sir Walter Sendall, his contemporary and friend. Sir Walter does, it is true, permit himself the trite phrase that "what will be Calverley's permanent position in literature is a question which must be settled by the critics". His place in literature will of course be determined not by critics, who have never been in a position to make any such settlement, but by the common consent of those whom the ever-luminous Bagehot described as "the distant people whom we call posterity". In the case of Calverley we are ourselves beginning to be those distant people. Although he died as late as 1884 he was at his characteristic best fifty years ago, and the fashions, literary and other, of his youth are not likely to prejudice or prepossess us to-day. We were under a wrong impression that Calverley's popularity, as evidenced by the demand for his books, had undergone at one time a period of eclipse; but the sixteen editions of "Verses and Translations", and the eighteen editions of "Fly Leaves" here enumerated in a bibliographical note, seem to have followed each other in a continuous stream. *Volvitur et volvatur!* and yet when admiring criticism addresses itself to the task not of making reputations but of accounting for them, it is not at first sight easy to see why Calverley holds so unassailable a place in every "lettered heart".

In the first place Calverley is one of the "vitiis imitabiles"—or, to put it in a more complimentary way, many of his mannerisms have been so often and, at a first glance, so successfully copied that they might conceivably have begun to pall. Calverley for example popularised, if he did not invent, that truncation of the last line of a quatrain to which a not unpleasing turn of novelty is given by one of the "Horace Club" writers:—

"'Twas in Throgmorton Street we met,
We were two fools and one promoter,
And Jones and I shall ne'er forget
Floater.
Yes, Floater was his name; he penned
A very readable prospectus,
But that was just what in the end
Wrecked us."

There is of course more of it. "Q", another initial pleasant to remember, has been a successful parodist both of this and of another of Calverley's pet devices—the habit, namely, of hitching into fluent rhyme phrases usually confined to the prosiest of prose.

"My infallible proceeding
Is to wake and think of you."

"Give no inconsiderable sum"

may serve for examples. Again, the fact that Calverley lived in the epoch of the mid-Victorian charade and, like Dryden's *McFlecknoe*, "chose for his command a peaceful province in acrostic land" must surely have tended to lessen him in the eyes of a later age. What can be more disenchanting in the middle of a bit of real Calverley—

"Hie thee to the breezy common where the melancholy
goose
Stalks and the astonished donkey finds that he is
really loose."

than to be confronted in the next line with "My Whole" and invited to bore ourselves with the answer. Riddles and charades may be all very well, but mere neatness of versification is all that they demand. Calverley's muse was too good for the work. One can but say that his putting some of his best writing into these obsolete puerilities was perhaps an instance of the modesty of true merit. Fine and ingenious literary

fooling, such as that of Hood, is welcome enough; but the wish to guess a charade merely as such is surely characteristic of rudimentary or suburban minds—and Calverley's charades from that point of view are not even difficult to solve. The same thing, in a lesser degree, would seem to be true of the surprise poems of the "For she was a water-rat" order. In these however Calverley rose at times to a pitch of excellence that half reconciles us to the genre—we may instance the lines about the S. John's Wood Omnibus. The poem on the clerk reading his paper in Caermarthen Bay perhaps hardly comes under this category; we have always regarded it as a very real poem in which the comedy keeps oddly trembling into pathos.

In spite of all objections and deductions we are no less firmly persuaded of the greatness of Calverley than is his sympathetic biographer, who has evidently felt the same difficulty in explaining it that we feel, and can really tell us little more than that there is a sort of a "quiddity" about Calverley's verse. It is perhaps not much more explanatory, but it is certainly true, to say that his sense of humour was more heartfelt, more real and rollicking, than that of many of his rival rhymesters. The lines, for instance, about "Floater" to which we referred are good reading enough—they make us smile—but they do not carry us off our feet. Take on the other hand—

"Wherefore fly to her swallow
And mention that I'd 'follow,'
And 'pipe and trill' etcetera, till
I died had I but wings:
Say the North's 'true and tender'
The South an old offender
And hint in fact with your well-known tact
All kinds of pretty things.

Say I grow hourly thinner,
Simply abhor my dinner—
Tho' I do try and absorb some viand
Each day for form's sake merely:
And ask her when all's ended,
And I am found extended
With vest blood-spotted and cut carotid
To think on Hers sincerely."

Such writing is as irresistible as Peg Woffington's fiddle. C. S. C. managed to get into his verse that buoyant personality which made him jump twice running—because the first time he did not alight upon his feet—out of the schoolyard into the "milling-ground" at Harrow—a performance which old Harrovians will appreciate. In the lines—

"Love me, bashful fairy!
I've an empty purse:
And I've 'moods', which vary;
Mostly for the worse"—

we observe the misprint "worst". We had forgotten that this stanza was not by Mr. Gilbert, and it is certainly much in his manner.

As regards Calverley's extraordinary command of Latin verse it appears that the late Bishop of Durham thought the Oxford prize poem on The Parthenon the finest Latin composition of its time. Fresh from a first reading of this and its companion Cambridge poem "Australia"—for Calverley held this double record—we refuse to believe, in spite of all scepticism about poetry in a dead language, that Horace would not have read them with pleasure. We have also made our first acquaintance here with Calverley's excellent remarks on the futility of English Elegiacs with their pentameter endings of what we may call the "dickory dickory dock" pattern. C. S. C. observes that such an ending could probably not be found in all Latin poetry. He had forgotten the "dictaque factaque sunt" of Catullus, which however is no doubt the exception that proves the rule. Nor does it, as he thought, seem to be quite impossible to write an English pentameter ending. Robinson Ellis' phrase "houses a grim denizen" seems to be a good equivalent in sound to such a phrase as "ibat Hamadryasin". But here too the luck is so exceptional that it is hardly worth while to bid for it. As well might a man devote a lifetime to the attempt to catch dace over a pound weight.

"The Book of the Horace Club" is somewhat after the model of the Dublin Kottabos—grave and gay—Latin, Greek and English. It is a prettily bound memorial of the club's poetical recreations, and if we single out for applause the verses of H. B. that is not to assert that there are not others as good. We must however ask for a crib to the following stanza from the introductory sapphics prefixed to the volume by an author who gives no initials:—

"Carmina interdum facimus jocosæ
Sive sedatæ magis obloquentes
O uti insulso citharæ carenti
Quam sale nigro."

We pored long over this, and it still seems to us like the latter's remark. If we dimly apprehend the writer's meaning he seems to have said the exact opposite of what he meant.

We mentioned "J. K. S." at the beginning of this review and we are sorry to find that his verses are out of print. Not only was he speaking generally one of the most distinctively individual of university rhymers but, in the realm of parody, his Browning caricature "Birthdays? Yes, in a general way—" &c. is perhaps not surpassed even by Calverley in "The Cock and the Bull".

ADMIRAL SIR BYAM MARTIN.

"Letters and Papers of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Thos. Byam Martin, G.C.B." Edited by Admiral Sir Vesey Hamilton. Vol. III. London: Printed for the Navy Records Society. 1901.

THIS volume of the Letters and Papers of Sir Byam Martin continues his correspondence as a flag officer to his death in 1854. In 1814 when serving as Rear-Admiral he was appointed head of the British Commission to settle with French and Dutch Commissioners the distribution of the fleet and stores which Napoleon had collected at Antwerp in pursuance of his plan to make that place a great naval station. Sir Byam discharged the task with tact and judgment. The following year he took command of a squadron to co-operate with Wellington in his last campaign against Napoleon. This terminated the Admiral's active career, but in 1816 he was appointed Comptroller of the Navy. Though there are few letters dealing with this portion of his career which lasted some fifteen years, at a period when economy in national expenditure hindered naval development, Admiral Martin was fully alive to the necessity of keeping up with the times. After leaving office, he saw with anxiety the attitude taken up by the principal naval officers towards steam, and states that when dining with Lord Minto, the First Lord of the Admiralty, on the occasion of the Queen's coronation he spoke to him "earnestly and anxiously of the necessity of being largely provided with steam vessels of the most powerful description, observing that the first battle would be in favour of the fleet with the greatest number of steamers".

He did not favour resting upon traditions, nor conceal from himself that in the recent struggle with France, our fleet had a great advantage in the disorganisation of the enemy's navy by the revolution which guillotined some of their best officers and dismissed many others from command. He viewed with alarm the condition of our navy in 1840 and in a letter to Sir William Parker, a Lord of the Admiralty, said "The next war, come when it may, will be a giant struggle at sea. Other nations have so greatly improved in all maritime matters, that they will send forth more formidable and better appointed fleets than we have hitherto had to contend with to dispute our supremacy on the ocean. If ever we cease to carry all before us at sea, our colonies, our commerce, and consequently the revenue of the country will vanish, as it were, with all the suddenness of the clearing away of a mist. I wish you had £500,000 more in the estimates for getting up a suitable number of steamers". Who can say after this that the importance of sea power to us is a modern idea when our own naval officers preached it—though in vain—for many years?

At the end of the volume are some reminiscences, evidently written in the leisure moments of the Admiral, which contain much interesting information. He is very severe upon Sir James Graham. Though that statesman placed the organisation of the Admiralty upon its present basis, and made many useful reforms in its procedure he may in his zeal for economy, like the late Mr. Childers, have trampled somewhat severely upon traditions dear to a profession so eminently conservative as the navy. Perhaps in these days it will astonish people to hear that Prime Ministers have taken an active interest in naval affairs. We know this was the case with the Earl of Chatham, but it is here stated of his son, that "it was no uncommon thing for Mr. Pitt to visit the Navy Office to discuss naval matters with the Comptroller, and to see the return made from the yards of the progress in building and repairing the ships of the line. He also desired to have a periodical statement from the Comptroller of the state of the Fleet, wisely holding that officer responsible personally to him without any regard to the board". Lest this may seem strange, it should be explained that the Comptroller and other officers of the civil branch were appointed by patent from the Sovereign. Both Pitts had seen what an efficient navy meant for this country, and if succeeding Prime Ministers had taken the same interest in this department we should have escaped many humiliating scares. The Navy Records Society has done well in giving us the experience and opinions of such a man as Sir Byam Martin.

ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS.

"Illuminated Manuscripts in the British Museum: Miniatures, Borders, and Initials, reproduced in gold and colours." With descriptive text by George F. Warner. London: Printed by Order of the Trustees. 1901.

THIS series of fifteen plates in facsimile, is in continuation of two others which were published in 1899 and 1900. A fourth series of fifteen plates is announced to be published in 1902: it will contain a general titlepage, preface, &c., and will complete the work. The second series was reviewed at length in these columns, in September of last year; and what was there said of that series, equally applies to this. It is reassuring to know that, although publications illustrative of the Fine Arts are rarely issued from the great Museum at Bloomsbury, our official resources are capable of producing, without the aid of skilled labour from abroad, a work like the present one, which courts comparison with the most sumptuous of the Government publications that are continually appearing on the Continent. The selection of the examples forming the present series, has been made with a view to represent as completely as its scope will allow, the chief European schools of miniature painting: it comprises three English examples, five French, three Italian, two German and one specimen of Flemish and Spanish work. As the volume is not merely intended to appeal to the student of mediæval art in particular, or the *amateur* in general, but also to serve for purposes of general education, the principle determining such a selection is obvious.

The first plate in the present series is from the famous "Landisfarne Gospels", [Cotton MS. Nero D. iv.]; one of the four pages of elaborately interlaced ornament which occur before the four gospels. Another page from the same manuscript, containing the large initial letter before the Gospel of St. John, appeared in the former series. The process of chromo-lithography is, from its nature, most successful in its rendering of purely ornamental miniatures: and these pages, despite the elaborate and intricate character of their design, are among the best that have as yet been published. Other specimens of the illuminator's art, while it still unmistakably betrayed its Byzantine origin, are a page of vigorous, interlaced ornament from an imperfect manuscript of the gospels of the Franco-Saxon school [Egerton MS. 768.]; a page of a Psalter of the Winchester school [Arundel MS. 60.]; and two miniatures, a Jesse-tree and a Virgin and Child enthroned with a

donor at their feet, from another English Psalter, [Lansdowne MS. 383.] which appears to have been executed for some inmate of the Abbey of Shaftesbury in Dorset. The two last plates exhibit the English miniaturist's art in its most robust and decorative phase, during the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The border and initial letter from the Winchester manuscripts are especially remarkable for the distinction and beauty of their design. Of the two German examples which follow, the second is one of a set of miniatures which have been cut, apparently, from a Psalter. [Add. MS. 17,687.] "The MS. to which these miniatures belonged", writes Mr. Warner, "was executed in Germany in the thirteenth century, and belonged to a group of Psalters of which other examples are preserved at Bamberg, Munich, Melk and Maihingen": their antiquarian interest is, no doubt, considerable; but the artistic value of the miniature of the "Resurrection" here reproduced, is so slight, that its inclusion in the present series is to be regretted. Its composition and drawing, especially in the lower part, are crude and puerile in the extreme; and, like much German mediæval art, it might well have been reserved for the admiration of some German experts.

The three initial letters which follow, taken from a Psalter, [Royal MS. 2 B. ii.] executed, probably at Nantes, in the thirteenth century, carry us into the region of pure Gothic art while at its height, in France. Even in the little figures filling these letters, we see that peculiar distinction and beauty of line which raises French Art of the thirteenth century above all other Gothic Art produced north of the Alps. Of great beauty, in a different way, and very successful as a reproduction, is the plate of initial letters taken from a fourteenth century Italian manuscript of the "Rationale divinorum officiorum", by Guillaume Durand, Bishop of Mende. [Add. MS. 31,032.] The two next plates show the decline which overtook, at least north of the Alps, the art of the miniature painter in the fifteenth century. The second of these is taken from a Psalter, written and illuminated in France, probably at Paris, for Henry VI. of England, c. 1430. [Cotton MS. Domitian A. xvii.] Exquisite indeed, but only an exquisite toy, is the sumptuous page here reproduced, with its miniature of S. Catherine presenting the young King to the Virgin and Christ. In the effort after extreme richness and elaboration, the art, even of the French miniature-painter, had lost its vigour and severe beauty, and lapsed into mere cloying sweetness. Yet at the very moment that miniature-painting, north of the Alps, was undergoing this decline; in Italy, and especially at Florence, this form of painting which, by its nature, seemed destined to remain one of the little arts, was being lifted into the region of great painting. Perhaps, only in the Laurentian Library at Florence, is it possible fully to appreciate the heights to which miniature-painting attained in France in the fifteenth century. First and greatest of all, comes Lorenzo Monaco, whose miniatures possess that breadth and largeness of manner to which only the great Italian painters who habitually worked in fresco, were able to attain: to his, we may add such names as those of Attavante, Gherardo—who caught more of the real spirit of Botticelli than any of that painter's immediate disciples, except Filippino—Monte and others too numerous to mention.

Although of such masterpieces of Florentine art, the British Museum has little or nothing to show; it, nevertheless, possesses some important Italian manuscripts. Chief among these, is the Book of Hours, [Add. MS. 34,294.] begun by some Milanese miniaturist, for Bona of Savoy, wife of Galeazzo Maria Sforza, Duke of Milan, but apparently never finished; the missing portions having been supplied at a later period, after the book had come into the possession of the Emperor Charles V. Of this manuscript, two pages have been reproduced: one enriched with an ornamental border of peacocks and gold arabesques, on a purple ground; the other containing a miniature of S. Gregory, the Pope, who is represented writing at his desk, as a scribe of the time would have done, with a reed pen in one hand, for the text, and a quill pen in the other, for the gloss or rubric. Creditable as the facsimile of this miniature is, the nature of the original is such

that no reproduction in colours could satisfy the student of Italian painting, in at all the same degree as an ordinary photograph is able to do. All qualities of draughtsmanship, for which, after all, the real *amateur* first looks in a piece of Italian art, must of necessity, from the nature of the process, entirely disappear. The last plate in the series, is a large miniature from a volume of poems by Charles, Duke of Orleans, [Royal MS. 16 F. ii.] Although of no very great artistic interest, it is acceptable here, since it contains a well-known view of the Tower of London and the city beyond, as they appeared, c. 1500.

THE CAREER OF GEORGE TOWNSHEND.

"The Military Life of Field-Marshal George, First Marquess Townshend, 1724-1807." By Lieutenant-Colonel C. V. F. Townshend. London: Murray. 1901. 16s.

THE stirring events which culminated in the famous battles of Dettingen, Fontenoy, Culloden and Quebec, in all of which George Townshend took part, have left their mark on the history of England and the civilised world. Townshend and his friend and comrade, Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, joined the army within a few months of each other, and in these days of advanced education it is noteworthy that both were "far ahead of the great bulk of officers in the army at that time" as students of their profession. George Townshend, however being what is nowadays known as a "field-coronet" joined the Staff and the army on the same day, an incident which it is believed is not quite without parallel recently in South Africa. Wolfe, on the other hand, "having no family interest or friends in influential quarters" had to rest content with a commission in the Marines, from which gallant corps he was subsequently transferred to a regiment of the Line. Many of the events of 1740-1760 described in this book have almost their exact counterpart in present-day British military history, which repeats itself even in the errors, jealousies, nepotism and tyrannies that mark the everyday life of some of our officers. Both Wolfe and Townshend were present at the memorable battle of Dettingen, which happily was a victory for us, owing to the egregious blunder of the Duke de Grammont. George II. who commanded the Allies having won the fight "halted near the scene of action and military ardour was suddenly turned into a court circle". "His Majesty was congratulated by every military courtesan on horseback."

Townshend's journal clearly explains the hitherto inexplicable action of the cavalry of the Allies—they were not allowed to pursue. Once again our thoughts revert to South Africa, 150 years later. The Duke of Cumberland at the mature age of twenty-four was given command of the allied armies in Flanders, 53,000 strong, which included over 21,000 British troops. So far as can be gathered the "reasons" for this "selection" would seem to be very similar to those which at present actuate our "Boards". Marshal Wade had distinctly failed in Flanders in 1744 albeit an officer of "age and experience", hence it was decided in 1745 to entrust the command to a "Field Coronet" who had neither! The true story of Fontenoy is but little known and Townshend's account of it, supplemented by the maps given, is well worthy of careful study. It seems to be unquestionable that the supposed British formation of a "hollow square" as described by Voltaire and other writers, resulted from our central attack in line being taken on both flanks by the French artillery cavalry and infantry, which thus caused it to assume the peculiar wedge-like formation it did. The battle was lost to us—not owing to the valour of the Irish Brigade fighting for France, but to the pusillanimity of the Dutch troops who, having been rather sharply handled in their first attack, declined to advance again and left the British to be overwhelmed. The compiler of Townshend's Memoirs truly remarks that "Fontenoy was a glorious defeat for the British. Never in our military history have British soldiers fought more heroically". Marshal Saxe's laudations of the steadfastness of our infantry at Fontenoy surpass all others. The British losses were 4,000 out of

22,000 men engaged: over 1,500 were killed outright on the field of battle, for again—there was no pursuit! Battles were bloody affairs in those days. The Campaign of Culloden in 1746 is well told by Townshend. Here the British were formed for the attack into three lines, which leads the author to remark of formations, that there is "nothing new in the present day, except distances enormously increased".

The year after Culloden Townshend was again with the Duke of Cumberland in Flanders, and fought at "Laffeldt", a name spelt indifferently La Veldt, La Val, Lawfeld, &c. which may account for its being so little known to military men. The battle was lost by the Duke of Cumberland owing to a succession of blunders that even want of age and experience will not palliate. In 1748, when just twenty-four years of age, Townshend was gazetted to the command of a company in the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards (present Grenadiers), the commission stating that he was "to take rank as Lieut.-Colonel of Foot"—a proof of the antiquity of the Guards' rank of "Captain and Lieut.-Colonel." He did regimental duty in London for some years, during which period he married and also entered Parliament. In 1755 he appears to have fallen under the displeasure of the Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Cumberland, it is supposed on account of his outspoken criticism of some of the military blunders of the period—a proceeding then as now always distasteful to those in authority. In 1757, owing to a more than ordinary act of tyranny, he resigned his commission and devoted himself to Parliamentary work, the most important being his "Militia Bill". Upon Pitt coming into office again in the following year, he was reinstated in the army as a "Colonel of Foot". At the same time his ancient enemy, the Duke of Cumberland, resigned his post as Commander-in-Chief and his old friend, Lord Ligonier, succeeded to it. Townshend's successful career may be said to date from this time. In December 1758, the expedition to Quebec under Wolfe was decided upon and Townshend was given a brigade under his old comrade. Evidence now adduced proves that it was not Wolfe who originated the celebrated plan of attack which culminated in the Battle of the Heights of Abraham. An original letter from General Wolfe to his brigadiers, enunciating his own views as to three possible methods of attack, and calling upon them for their views, settles the question. The plan suggested by the brigadiers was a daring one and totally unsuspected by Montcalm. For its success absolute secrecy was essential, and the marvellous element of luck in warfare is well exemplified by Lieut.-Colonel Townshend's story of Quebec. In the hour of victory a strong French force suddenly appeared in rear of the British troops, and it was owing to the great coolness and promptitude of Townshend, who assumed command when Wolfe and Monckton had both fallen, that this force did not press on its attack. A modern parallel to this is Cronje's attempt on Lord Methuen's rear during the battle of Graspan. Townshend subsequently did good service in the Low Countries. He was Viceroy in Ireland from 1767 to 1772, but his biographer confines himself to a description of the military life of his ancestor.

A POET OF FINE SHADES.

"Le Chariot d'Or." Par Albert Samain. Paris: Mercure de France. 1901.

THE death of Albert Samain deprived contemporary French literature of one of its most delicate poets. Living apart, writing little, indifferent to fame, he had published only two books, "Au Jardin de l'Infante" and "Aux Flancs du Vase", and the present volume has been put together on the lines of a projected collection which he had no time to complete. In the poetry of Emile Verhaeren we shall find a more virile personality, more depth of thought and more fire of speech. In the poetry of Henri de Régnier we shall find a more grave and equable talent, firmer and clearer in outline, with something of a quality known to English readers in the work of Landor. But no contemporary French poet is more gracious, more

insinuating, more sympathetic, than Samain; none has a more appealing voice.

"Premiers soirs de printemps: tendresse inavouée!"

That line, to those who have read him, will call up the gentle melancholy of his verse, its engaging timidity, its love of half-tones, of softness, of twilight, of things ending but not yet come to an end. He tells us in a sonnet:

"Mon âme est un velours douloureux que tout froisse,
Et je sens en mon cœur lourd d'ineffable angoisse
Je ne sais quoi de doux, qui voudrait bien mourir."

And no description of himself could be more exact. The effect of beauty which his work gives us is a beauty of monotony, of faint notes reiterated, like a church bell heard at a distance across meadows. He creates about him his own atmosphere, colour reduces itself to the tints which he has chosen for his preference, his music is like the music of a viola d'amore, exquisite, penetrating, unusual. He suggests passion, but it might be said of his muse, as he says of his lida:

"Avec une pudeur farouche de sa voix,
Elle vivait pour la volupté de se taire."

There is reticence in his almost child-like frankness; he lets us overhear him as he says over sweet and bitter things to himself, with long silences between, which we seem to divine. His verse is always written with instinctive elegance, as if he spoke naturally in that language. Everything seems to come to him poetically, but he has only now and then sufficient energy to arrest the flowing past him of beauty. His poems are fragments of a beatific vision which in him was continual. They are probably fragments of an inner life which was morbidly sensitive to all impressions, to all sensations; and whether they are "Élégies", with a simple personal note, or movements in a more objective "Symphonie héroïque", they are equally personal to one whose actions were all dreams. Here is a sonnet which will indicate something of that quality of languid, yet magnetic, charm, which is the chief characteristic of Samain's verse:

"Lentement, doucement, de peur qu'elle se brise,
Prendre une âme; écouter ses plus secrets aveux;
En silence, comme on caresse des cheveux,
Atteindre à la douceur fluide de la brise;
Dans l'ombre, un soir d'orage, où la chair s'électrise,
Promener des doigts d'or sur le clavier nerveux;
Baisser l'éclat des voix; calmer l'ardeur des feux;
Exalter la couleur rose à la couleur grise;
Essayer des accords de mots mystérieux
Doux comme le baiser de la paupière aux yeux;
Faire ondoyer des chairs d'or pâle dans les brumes;
Et, dans l'âme que gonfle un immense soupir,
Laisser, en s'en allant, comme le souvenir
D'un grand cygne de neige aux longues, longues plumes."

There, in those pale, quivering lines, one gets at least a nervous sensation, a sensation of extreme delicacy; the whole thing is of the slightest, but, within its limits, it has beauty and is alive. This praise, with this limitation, may be applied to all that is best in Samain's work.

THE CONSTITUTION OF A COMMONWEALTH.

"The Annotated Constitution of the Australian Commonwealth." By John Quick and Robert Randolph Garran. Sydney: Angus and Robertson. London: The Australian Book Company. 1901.

THE Australian Commonwealth includes a continent not so very much smaller than Europe, and an island nearly as large as Scotland. It is therefore extensive enough to be worthy of a big book, and the book before us is big. Its pages number one thousand and seven, and are for the most part printed in rather small type. If this is the size of a commentary on the Australian Constitution published before the constitution has begun to run its course, what may we expect in a few years, when the usual crop of nice

points, unexpected difficulties, and bewildering judicial interpretations has begun to appear above ground? The solid merits of this solid book are such that it is likely at due intervals to merit re-issue. Should its industrious authors enjoy long life and preserve the enthusiasm and the views of proportion with which they have gone to work here, our children may hold themselves ready for an edition that will form a respectable load for an Australian bullock-dray. Sir John Quick and Mr. Garran, however, if they are wise will nerve themselves against any such needless expansion—needless, because there is so much in their volume as now made up which might be cut out without loss. The first thirty-four pages, printed under the rather sounding headings "Historical Introduction—Ancient Colonies—Modern Colonisation" is a somewhat thin and slovenly piece of book-making padded out with long extracts from such books as Cassell's "History of England". If, as the preface tells us, this part was revised by Professor Morris of Melbourne, we find it difficult to imagine what it must have been before that undoubtedly capable workman took it in hand. A long book, moreover, is none the better for the use in it of an excessive and indigestible number of heavy words. There have been fine writers who have been fond of the polysyllabic style and who have performed brilliantly enough with it: but Sir John Quick and his colleague are not amongst these. Their book is written for use in the business of law and politics; and the plainer and simpler they make their English when next they revise it the better. Again, nothing could well be worse than the "few general observations" on the relations of British colonies to the Empire. Who wants to be told, least of all in a legal reference-book of this kind, that "'The sun of England' has not set for ever"? If some of these remarks are very worthy platitudes, others are contrary to historic truth; for it is not true that the policy of England in taking immense parts of Asia and Tropical Africa has been the planting of her people on the soil. Nor has she granted democratic constitutions to her dependencies in all parts of the earth; if she had she would probably, by this time, be striving to hold an uneasy seat on the throne of a pandemonium. If instead of this unserviceable tall-talk the book gave us a completer index—if, for instance, we did not have to look in vain in the index for such names as Want, Dickson, Higgins, Wise, Sir John Robertson and Sir George Grey—we should have a more useful as well as a more impressive handbook.

As our compilers come nearer home they do much better. Their sketch of the growth of self-government in the seven colonies is useful and not too long. That of New Zealand is, naturally, slightly less accurate than those of the states now forming the Commonwealth. It is going too far, for instance, to say that New Zealand was under even the nominal protection of New South Wales as early as 1823; nor was the capital of the colony removed from Russell to Auckland because of outrages by natives. The statement that after 1876 most of the functions of the abolished provinces were vested in ordinary municipal institutions is misleading. Their most important functions were assumed by the central government. In Part IV., however we are on firm ground and read the history of the Federal movement in Australia with profit and something like pleasure. It is clear, studiously fair, and not very much too long—at any rate not for use at this particular moment. The account of the visit of the delegates to England last year, and of how they fared in their endeavour to oust the Privy Council is excellent. Perhaps a little too much is made of the prejudice, ignorance and suspicion which existed, but they were not the only motives which caused large minorities in half the colonies to doubt or oppose Federation. In and around Sydney, throughout the southern part of Queensland, and all over Western Australia outside the goldfields, there were, up to the very last, probably nearly as many opponents as friends of the Federal resolution, whose attitude justified caution. Under the system of separate colonies Australians have been free, happy, and in the main prosperous and progressive. Most people when thus placed are only too glad to let well alone. The enormous distances of the continent, too, afford ample explanation of any desire there was

to cling to local autonomy, and distrust any surrender of power to neighbours living hundreds or thousands of miles away. In the same way the authors take it for granted rather too easily that the adoption of an elaborate scheme of Federal union is in itself an index of very high political capacity. They point out truly enough that it was no external pressure, no fear of foreign enemies or rivals, which impelled the Australians to join hands. They did so merely as the result of reflection and free discussion among themselves. This, though interesting and unusual, hardly proves as yet their possession of the highest kind of foresight. That can only be shown by the outcome of their great experiment, by the use they make of their Federal institutions. If they use them wisely, if, in particular, the Federal Parliament sets an elevating example and exercises a stimulating influence on the States, and does not overshadow the legislatures and draw away from these the talent and energy they need, the Australians may be as sure of the admiration as they already are of the sympathy, interest and hopeful attention of the Empire.

The commentary on the Constitution Act itself is in most places as good as anything of the kind can well be at this stage, though we are surprised to find no section dealing with the Kanaka Labour question. We know of nothing in print which has at all the value of the volume as an authority to which writers and students may turn. Those who are following, or proposing to follow, the working out of the Federal experiment will find in it nearly all they require, though, as already indicated, they may find also some matter with which they could cheerfully dispense. Any outsider who wishes to understand the "Braddon Blot", the fiscal issue, or the inter-state controversies over the control of railways or rivers may safely be referred henceforth to "Quick and Garran". If the authors omit from their next edition a certain amount of fustian and a few poetic tags, lighten their style and condense their matter, and give us a better index, they will reduce the grumbling which, as it is, will mingle, we fear, with the reader's gratitude for this laborious, honestly compiled mass of information.

NOVELS.

"Henry Bourland." By A. E. Hancock. London: Macmillan. 1901. 6s.

If there is a fault to be found with this book, it is that Mr. Hancock tries to do too much. It is his object to show that, under the conditions consequent upon the American Civil War of the sixties, it was impossible for the wealthy planters of the South to retain their position upon anything like the basis which existed before the war. He therefore takes as his hero Henry Bourland, who comes of an old Southern family, and who, after the news of the bombardment of Fort Sumter, enlists as an officer in Lee's army. The story is divided into ten "books", of which the first three are concerned with the actual military operations. It is here that Mr. Hancock tries to do much. Bourland's work in the war should either have been made a book in itself, or it should have been confined to the limits of a chapter—perhaps of a prologue. As it is, the eye of the reader is distracted from what should be the central idea of the picture, namely, the inability of the Southern gentleman of family to cope with the new forces brought into existence by the abolition of slavery. It is true that Mr. Hancock can write a battle-scene; probably he was not able to resist the temptation of writing battle-scenes. But the homogeneity of his picture suffers in consequence. Mr. Crane wrote little that is better of what a battle is and means than Mr. Hancock has written of Gettysburg, and his hero's part in the charge at the Union lines. But his description of the battle only adds to his book what a brilliant piece of painted detail adds to a portrait—in fact, something unnecessary. So much in detraction. Of praise there is this to be said, that Books 4-7 of this rather long novel are on the whole admirable. There are occasional lapses of style, as when, for instance, Bourland lies in a Northern

hospital and is nursed by a Northern nurse (his wife to be). "Little love-god, you must die without ever being born" murmured Bourland to the motherless little infant in his heart." However, there is very little of this kind of thing, and there is a good deal that is very much better. Bourland's hopeless, gallant struggle against the irresistible Yankee politician; his love for his Northern wife, his reverence for his old home, the conflicting passions of a man who is at heart a soldier and who might be a Senator, and the gradual yielding to the inevitable of a Southern cavalier in face of the matter-of-fact, business-like, unscrupulous North, are portrayed in a way which leads us to hope we shall read Mr. Hancock again. Three-tenths of "Henry Bourland" are good, but unnecessary; the rest could in most ways hardly be better.

"Cash is King." By William A. Reid. London: Drane. 6s.

"Cash is King", like "Looking Backward", builds a Utopia on the ruins of private liberty, the means here employed being the triumph of employers' syndicates in the United States over the trade unions and the establishment of a benevolent bureaucracy with a life monarch at its head. Mr. Reid has a happy knack of dancing upon our imagination, and the chapters which describe the development of trade-union tyranny are far more captivating than anything in Mr. Bellamy's book. As a serious writer he hardly counts. Self-complacent ignorance rushes in where Mr. Bellamy's laboured fallacies draw back; where the latter kicks over the traces Mr. Reid dashes furiously against the most obvious of stone walls. Starting from the not very erudite theory that the evolution of civilisation is marked by the increase of repression, he drags his readers by leaps and bounds to the conclusion that, in general, almost everything must be regulated by the State for everybody and, in particular, everybody must be made to go to church. The picture of his ideal State inspires a strong preference for barbarism.

"My Brilliant Career." By Miles Franklin. London: Blackwood. 1901. 6s.

"My Brilliant Career" is a semi-autobiographical story of Australian bush life, to which Mr. Henry Lawson contributes an enthusiastic preface. He could hardly do less, as in the course of the book the writer incidentally puts his work on a par with that of Adam Lindsay Gordon. However, prefaces apart, the work of the young lady who writes as "Miles Franklin" is interesting. It is crudely written, and there is little attempt at construction. But the deadly monotony of bush life in Australia is most vividly presented. The heroine is a young woman of Bashkirtseffian egotism, disdainful of common things, condemned to a dull working existence, too far instinct with a vague understanding of life's larger issues to marry the estimable young man who would give her comfort. The bush atmosphere is convincing, and anyone who knows a small out-of-the-way colonial community will recognise the faithfulness of the social sketches. The book would be an unpleasant antidote to anyone who should draw his notions of the bush from "Geoffrey Hamlyn". It is in a way curiously like "The Story of an African Farm", but while less extravagant and rebellious, it lacks the poignant qualities of Miss Olive Schreiner's book.

"The Dominie's Garden." By Imogen Clark. London: Murray. 1901. 6s.

It is, no doubt, a tribute to the author's power of creating character that it is impossible to put down this book without a sense of pain. But the central episode of the story—the suicide of an innocent child—is so wanton as to stamp the book as artistically bad. Bad in other ways the book is not. The characters are admirably drawn; the old Dutch pastor of what was York Colony in 1757, his daughter Annetje, Peggy Crewe, wit, horsewoman and beauty, Heilke, the Domine's honest, knife-tongued servant—all are excellent. But Miss Clark breaks the canons of her art in her treatment of Annetje. There is no necessity for it. To take your readers through seven-eighths of a book

in company with a charming little Dutch girl, and to subject her to the most brutal, disgusting cruelty at the end—the thing wounds and offends. The book, nevertheless, contains really good work; it fails as a novel by reason of its artistically illegitimate ending.

"Children of Hermes." By Hume Nisbet. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1901. 3s. 6d.

This novel, which is quite unpretentious in style, is not without originality or interesting incident. Occasionally the author, filled with wrath at the slackness of the modern young man, allows himself to degenerate into vulgarity of language of which the following is a painful instance:—"the modern dude delights in playing the doddering dolt and bally fool". But apart from these lapses the story is well told and is delightfully moral-less, for all the pretty naughty "crib-crackers" (housebreakers) marry the men of their choice and live happily ever afterwards.

"A Sower of Wheat." By Harold Bindloss. London: Chatto and Windus. 1901. 6s.

Mr. Bindloss has blundered grievously in leaving African for Canadian scenes; his somewhat sombre style demands a more exciting environment than farm-life on the prairies. The descriptions, albeit as careful as ever, necessarily lack the strangeness and fascination of the Nigerian hinterland, and there is nothing in the wholesome and simple-minded story to redeem its setting. The portraits are insignificant, the incidents colourless. Emigrants may find a small store of useful information; critical readers must be warned off.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Alfred the Great and his Abbays." By J. Charles Wall. Illustrated. London: Elliot Stock. 1900.

This is a useful contribution to Alfredian literature. Persons laudably anxious to assert the continuity of the Church of the English have sometimes imagined Anglo-Saxon Christianity as a kind of "safe" Anglicanism, whose bishops wore "magpie" and whose ministers read the "Dearly-beloved brethren". Needless to say that, while free from later accretions and paying reverence rather than fealty to Rome, it was a thoroughly sacerdotal and supernatural system. King Alfred heard mass, invoked the saints, presented to churches vestments and incense, was guided by visions and miracles, sent alms to the Apostolic See and gave a large slice of the revenues of his kingdom to endow monks and nuns. Mr. Wall traces the fortunes of three houses of religion which Alfred founded. We learn from Asser that "the love of a monastic life had utterly decayed in the nation", long harried by heathen folk. Besides the purposes of devotion, sanctuary and almonry, the King desired to have round him not mere sinewy axe-wielders but scholarly leaders of a civilised people. Having fetched from Artois Grimbald—saint, musician, and theologian—and from Wales the learned Asser, and other teachers from other quarters, he gave his nobles and aldermen the choice either of acquiring clergy or of retiring. They accordingly "applied themselves surprisingly to study", though some of the old warriors, puzzling over horn-book and crabbed page, had to be helped by princely youth. Thus arose Hyde Abbey, originally Winchester New Minster, whose secular canons were reformed in 965 into regulars of S. Benet. In 1110, after much clashing between their bells and those of Old Minster, the Benedictines removed in solemn procession to the extra-mural Hyde Mead, carrying the golden crucifix given by Cnut, the sacred vessels and images, relics of SS. Grimbald, Budoc and Valentine, and the bodies of Alfred and his royal house. When in 1538 with the pliant aid of the last mitred abbot, Salcot, this illustrious house was pillaged, and the "rotten bones swept away, the tomb of the greatest monarch of English race probably remained intact, either till Cromwellian times or, as Mr. Wall shows evidence, till 1788, when, the site being required for a gaol, a sarcophagus found in front of the high altar was sold for a trifle and the contents thrown upon a refuse heap. Of Alfred's lesser foundation, the Abbey of Athelney, near the spot where he stood godfather to Wardragon Guthrum, even fewer vestiges remain; but the interesting "Alfred's jewel" in the Ashmolean is a relic of his sojourn in the Isle of Athelney. Mr. Wall has done his work well, but there are some careless sentences on pages xii., xiii. We would point out that the terms Catholic and Protestant are historically inaccurate, as applied to English papalists and reformers in Henry VIII's reign; nor was the foreign name Protestant regularly accepted by Churchmen till the seventeenth century, when it almost meant non-puritan. Towards the end of that century it was repudiated by the clergy in convocation.

"The Military Maxims of Napoleon." Translated from the French by Lieutenant-General Sir G. C. D'Aguilar. London: Freemantle. 1901. 2s. 6d. net.

It is surprising how few editions of this little work have appeared since the first translation into English was made sixty or seventy years ago. At one time copies of it were possessed by many English officers, and the maxims are often quoted to-day in regard to modern campaigns. In his introduction the author of "The Absent-Minded War" declares that Napoleon's maxims relating to the conduct of a campaign—as distinct from those dealing with the tactics of the battlefield, which are now of slight value—are still "pregnant with instruction, and carry to this day a lesson which cannot be neglected with impunity by any but the soldier of genius who is able to rise superior to all rule . . . of such a mettle was Napoleon himself, who frequently violated his own maxims, sometimes with success, sometimes with disastrous results; and Stonewall Jackson, who, on more than one occasion, would have been defeated in strict conformity with the rules of war, acted in defiance of every precept, and snatched a victory from a situation full of peril." He draws special attention to several of Napoleon's maxims, by neglecting which, wholly or in part, Generals Buller and Clery found themselves in disastrous positions during the Natal campaign. Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne, Eugene and Frederick were the geniuses of war whose campaigns Napoleon himself, as we gather from these maxims, never tired of studying.

"From Cyprus to Zanzibar by the Egyptian Delta." By Edward Vizetelly. London: Pearson. 1901. 1s.

Mr. Edward Vizetelly's object is to recount the adventures of a journalist—a newsmonger as he calls himself—"in the isle of love, the home of miracles and the land of cloves". His book is not of as much importance as its bulk might suggest: it serves mainly to illustrate the methods by which representatives of big journals abroad accomplish what the Americans describe as "a beat". Mr. Vizetelly has covered a great deal of ground and was in Cyprus soon after its cession to England, in Egypt at the time of Arabi's rebellion and in West Africa at the time that Stanley was making his way from Equatoria after the rescue of Emin Pasha. His political reflections are neither very helpful nor very profound, and his manner is far from being unexceptionable. He speaks of Sir Auckland Colvin as "a very determined and energetic customer". His references to France are both offensive and wanting in proof. He is quite prepared to risk war with France because, "as we all know"—do we?—she "is one of those effete Latin nations which Lord Salisbury assures us, are fast crumbling away". Occasionally he cultivates the style of the gamin thus: "The last I heard of Collier came from a mutual friend later on in Egypt who had met him aboard a steamer bound for the Levant. He was then accompanied by a young wife, whom he was taking out to Smyrna 'to begin life afresh!' said he. What, oh!" Mr. Vizetelly's experiences were often amusing and sometimes not without danger, but they hardly merit record in such bulky form.

"Primitive Man." By Dr. Moriz Hoernes. The Temple Primers. London: Dent. 1901.

This little work is a translation from the German by James H. Loewe. It is, necessarily, a mere sketch of the subject, but is likely to encourage those who read it to seek out and study more ambitious works dealing with various branches of the history of prehistoric man. Dr. Hoernes does not here enter into the much-debated question of whether the earliest men of the Old Stone Age were of the pre, inter or post-glacial period. He refrains altogether from giving them a date. They knew, he says, neither agriculture nor cattle-breeding—being in the latter respect by the way very different apparently from the men of the later Stone Age who used oxen of a kind and possibly some sort of dog—nor how to form vessels of clay. In caves, the man of the Old Stone Age "found and fought the terrible cave bear, whilst the powerful ure (*Bos primigenius*) and the bison (*Bison europæus*), which we now call the aurochs, succumbed to his arrows. The reindeer played an important part in the life of the huntsman, but his habitations rarely expose any traces of the elk or giant stag. In the drift of rivers and brooks, or in the mountains where stone was near at hand, he found quartz and quartzite, lime and sandstone, hornstone and jasper, especially the much-esteemed flintstone, the favourite material for knives, scrapers, borers, awls, axes, arrow-heads and spear-points".

"After-Dinner Speeches at the Lotos Club." Arranged by J. Elderkin, C. S. Lord, and H. N. Fraser. New York: Printed privately. 1901.

It seems that over two thousand copies of this book have been printed for the Lotos Club. Presumably the Club knows what it is doing and is sure of its market; we should have thought that an edition of even two hundred and fifty copies would have been risky as a commercial speculation. The collection includes a queer mixture. There are Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Mr. Ian Maclaren, Sir Edwin Arnold. But one ought to admit on the other hand that it includes speeches

by Charles Kingsley, Lord Herschell, and J. A. Froude. Interesting at the moment are some of the utterances of Theodore Roosevelt made some two and a half years ago. "As you know, I am an expansionist; and I am an expansionist because I believe that this people must play the part of a great people; because I believe it must do its share in the hard work of the world; because I do not think it is good for a nation, any more than an individual, to spend all the time introspectively in the affairs of its own household merely. It will manage them all the better if it has outside interests. It must manage those interests from a double standpoint. It is bound to manage them from the standpoint of the honour of America and from the standpoint of the interests of the people governed. . . . I have the utmost confidence in our people, but I regret to state that I believe at times we slumber."

"Elizabeth, Empress of Austria and Queen of Hungary." By Clara Tschudi. Translated by E. M. Cope. London: Sonnenschein. 1901. 7s. 6d.

Miss Tschudi's studies of Eugénie, Empress of the French, Napoleon's Mother, Augusta Empress of Germany, and Marie Antoinette have apparently achieved a sufficient measure of success to warrant the issue of an "authorised translation" of her latest effort. To what extent the biography itself is "authorised" or in any way special we are not informed. Miss Tschudi treats her subjects always with an eye to the more romantic phases of their careers a phase in which the life of the unhappy Empress Elizabeth was peculiarly marked. The story she has to tell is that of a beautiful woman, whose beauty was not physical only. The Empress was "less known as the wearer of an imperial diadem, than as the lovely unhappy descendant of the Wittelsbachs, who went her solitary way through life, with an inward upward gaze". The most noteworthy thing about the volume is perhaps the opportuneness of its appearance at a time when the assassin has claimed another exalted victim.

"Ripon: the Cathedral and See." By Cecil Hallett. London: Bell. 1901. 1s. 6d.

This is an addition to "Bell's Cathedral Series" to the usefulness and soundness of which we have already borne testimony. The interior of the Cathedral has suffered acts of Vandalism within the last two and a half centuries, but not to anything like the same extent as, for instance, Salisbury. It contains a great deal of beautiful work, notably the Choir Stalls, which belong to the Perpendicular period in church architecture, and the carvings and misereres of the same. How exquisite was the work of the ecclesiastical carvers of the fifteenth century is shown by remnants in various churches in England, notably in one or two in Suffolk which have unhappily not fared so well as Ripon. We think it would have been a good plan to have supplied in each of these excellent little volumes a short glossary of technical terms and also a list of the different English styles of church architecture from Norman to Debased with the dates at which each was general.

"Strafford: a Tragedy." By Robert Browning. "Blackie's English Classics." London: Blackie. 1901. 2s.

We welcome this plain and cheap edition of a great play. Miss Agnes Wilson gives a useful historical sketch of the dramatis personæ, Pym, Holland, the two Vanes and others, together with an introduction and notes at the end. In the introduction we are reminded that that very interesting personage Lucy, Countess of Carlyle, who makes such a charming heroine in Browning's play, was not quite so good as we are apt to regard her. In Sir Philip Warwick's "Memoirs" we are told that in 1642 "she changed her gallant from Strafford to Pym, and was become such a she saint that she frequented their sermons and took notes". Yet Strafford declared that in all his life he had never met with a nobler and more intelligent friendship than hers.

"The American Invaders." By Fred A. McKenzie. London: Howard Wilford Bell. 1901. 6d.

Mr. McKenzie's ambition, unavowed it is true, seems to be to do for the American inroads on our home commerce what Mr. Ernest Williams did five years ago with regard to Germany. His method of presenting his facts is a little sensational, in keeping with the cover of the brochure. America has invaded our homes and our offices, and inflicted a serious reverse on more than one department of national industry. But "the future still lies before England if England will but have it" is Mr. McKenzie's comforting assurance. His book will be of some service if it causes the man in the street to reflect on the fiscal arrangement under which the American invasion has been proved to be possible.

"Fifteenth Annual Report of the Commissioner of Labour, Washington." 1900.

This report is described by the Commissioner as a compilation of the wages and hours of labour of persons engaged in all countries of the world for which data have been officially published, and for years extending back as far as could be obtained from such data. It is unnecessary to do more than call the attention of experts in industrial economics for whom alone it is intended and who are the only persons to whom it could be

of any use. They will find it a compilation of statistics scattered about in hundreds of volumes of departmental reports.

"Colin Clout's Calendar." By Grant Allen. London: Grant Richards. 1901. 6s.

This is a collection of the late W. Grant Allen's open-air sketches, chiefly botanical, which originally appeared in an evening paper. They are popular in style of course, and they display more than a slight knowledge of the scientific side. The author claimed for some of them "new and original evolutionary views", and he was certainly more than a dabbler in these subjects. But there is not much charm or distinction about the sketches.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Sous la Toque. By Albert Juhellé. Paris: Charpentier-Fasquelle. 1901. 3s. 50c.

Although we have become hardened in a measure to the audacities of French novelists, we cannot read M. Albert Juhellé's books without wishing that on the day of their publication they should be burnt. Willingly would we assist in the conflagration—if necessary, apply the first match. It would be good and gay to see the "Jennesse" of Paris dancing hand-in-hand around the bonfire, chanting appropriately. For—M. Albert Juhellé, judged by "Les Pêcheurs d'Hommes", and its successor, "Sous la Toque", is one of those unprincipled scribblers whose aim it is to be abominable on every page—so that, opened at any point, the book discloses some indecency. Herein, he succeeds; and we wish that he might be severely dealt with by the censor. Perhaps there is no censor in France; if there be one, we fail to see the use of him. At all events, he should be immediately replaced by someone who respects the position, the accompanying duties; and who would mercilessly suppress the "works" of M. Juhellé. Through "Les Pêcheurs d'Hommes", M. Juhellé was described by some critics as a

(Continued on page 376.)

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"veritable realist". He was supposed to have painted life as he himself saw it: this was the explanation offered by his friends for the infamous characters he created. Their badness was not disputed; they were as bad as you like, but they lived and continue to live. However, for our part, we refuse positively to believe in the existence of the monsters M. Juhellé is pleased to introduce to us. Each one is grotesque, apart from his (or her) shamelessness. Each emotion is entirely unnatural; each word is artificial, the whole thing rings false. We have no sympathy whatsoever for the decadents and aesthetes of MM. Jean Lorrain and Catulle Mendès who stupefy themselves with drugs and, in their deplorable condition, commit strange sins and deem it brilliant to maintain that flowers sing to them and that trees talk. They are weaklings, preposterous creatures who might well be exterminated; but they are intelligent and moral compared to M. Juhellé's characters. There has never been a Madame Thénard de Merville; never can be. Nor could such people as Haas and Delessert breathe in this atmosphere. So infinite is their corruption that, if they really existed, they would be unable to bear the comparative purity of modern society. They would go off to some uninhabited island for their orgies; they would find it altogether impossible to put up for a single week with us. Then, M. Juhellé writes execrably. We cannot recall a more slovenly, a weaker style. A schoolboy from any lycée, in the lowest class, could correct it; although no amount of pains could render it polished, admirable. As for sense of construction—well, M. Juhellé has none. He does not wish to construct anything; we doubt whether he would be capable of building up a story if his life depended upon it. His way is to bring in his characters at odd moments, make them behave odiously and talk odiously for so many pages; and then write "Fin" with a dash. Certainly, we shall not handle his books again; and, if every reviewer in France were to do the same, it is possible that M. Juhellé would find himself compelled either to turn over a new leaf or stop writing through want of advertisement altogether.

Un An de Caserne. By Louis Lamarque. Paris: Stock. 1901. 3f. 50c.

Of course "the year" was black . . . spent among more unsympathetic than sympathetic companions in a barracks. But M. Louis Lamarque does not attack the military system in France with the insanity and ferocity of its chief adversary, M. Urbain Gohier; and so his narrative—moderate in tone from first to last—is far more reliable than the countless pamphlets produced by M. Gohier and his followers. Perhaps M. Lamarque suffered more than his comrades: his book conveys the impression that he was far more sensitive and delicate than they. We cannot picture him as one of those bullet-headed, huge-mouthed, red-handed "pioupiou" who slouches more than marches across country towards the manoeuvres. Nor can we imagine him indulging in the practical jokes and other forms of horse-play so popular in the ordinary barracks. He is something of a dreamer, and has "ideals". He could not commit a cruelty, and his ears—we imagine—would be offended by a coarse word. Hardships might prostrate him; but he would do his best, do always his duty. However, we feel that he writes better than he would fight; and that he might take with no small success to writing now that the black year is over.

Le Mauvais Amant. By Louis A. Robert. Paris: Charpentier-Fasquelle. 1901. 3f. 50c.

In his extreme youth the "Amant" in this strange story came upon an illustrated paper which portrayed a man impaled—and from that moment onwards the "Amant" rejoiced at the sight of suffering. Pleasant fellow! Nothing makes him so wretched as to see people happy; nothing amuses him more than to make happy people miserable. And so when Françoise grows to love him, when she is his, he does all in his power to make her life a veritable martyrdom. Such is the most original theme of M. Louis le Robert's latest novel, and, from first to last, he writes with a new eloquence, a new abandon. Indeed, we feel that, all the time he was writing, he was thinking, "This is very original, this is remarkable. Is it genius or is it madness? It is brilliant or it is ridiculous. It cannot be mediocre: it must be one thing or the other". For our part, we cannot determine what it is. The lover, with all his cruelty, is an interesting creation; and Françoise is charming. Then, the story becomes gay, when Françoise marries and the late lover becomes jealous. We rejoice over his discomfiture. We reel in his complaints. Too late, too late, we should like gleefully to cry. To afford a striking comparison, M. Louis le Robert introduces us to a very good young man—a grave young man with principles. Other differently conceived characters turn up here, making an entertaining assembly. In fact, we like the book and, not stopping to determine whether it is brilliant or ludicrous, satisfy ourselves by proclaiming it—strange.

Souvenirs de la Guerre du Transvaal. By H. Lecoy de la Marche. Paris: Colin. 1901.

The old, old story; and the old, old conclusion. M. H. Lecoy de la Marche commanded a French detachment in South Africa and, after accomplishing nothing in the least remarkable, has returned home to write a very dull volume of

reflections, experiences, and appreciations. His must be the twentieth book at least of the very same description; we wonder whether he "went out" more in order to get material for a book than to fight. We cannot help asking ourselves why, if his heart was in the Boer cause, he so prematurely returned. At all events, his fighting has been as petty as his writing; we cannot be interested in his account of slight skirmishes, he has not the power of description. Of course, the closing passages are eloquent; those of the other twenty volumes were eloquent—the following extract is typical: ". . . du veldt désolé, avec le bruit de la fusillade sur les kopjes rocheux et, le soir, au campement, le chant mélancolique des psaumes qui appellent le Seigneur au secours du droit, de la justice et de la liberté".

Un Mari Pacifique. By Tristan Bernard. Paris: Edition de la Revue Blanche. 1901. 3f. 50c.

Herein, we encounter the hero and heroine of M. Tristan Bernard's brilliant novel, "Mémoires d'un Jeune Homme Rangé." Both are passionless, quiet, respectable—almost mediocre. Their life is entirely calm. They have no anxieties, no emotions; not a tragic moment have they experienced. And so the atmosphere is drowsy. Perhaps the most masterly passages in the book are those that express the surprise that overtakes Berthe and Daniel when they see other people excited, troubled. They cannot conceive why one should be enthusiastic or depressed; why their fellow-creatures quarrel, compete, flush or go pale. They simply live, taking everything quietly. Were a revolution to break out in the streets, they would shut their windows and agree that men were "fools". They love one another, but at no moment are demonstrative. They know nothing; and are happy.

La Vie. Paris. 1901.

We know neither the name of the author nor the publisher of this despairing little book. Nor can we tell its price. It arrived anonymously; and, all that we can judge from it is that the writer must be the most unlucky, the most foolish person in the universe. His life has been one nightmare. He has had no joys, indulged in no follies. Wherever he goes, he is snubbed; wherever he loves, he is regarded with contempt. So—taking up his pen—he has sought revenge. With no small emphasis, with the poorest eloquence, he tells us that "life" is a mistake, that death must to all people be a relief. In the last passage, the author mentions the word "suicide" seven times. But we feel that he is very, very young—and that, in spite of his gloom, he will "pick up" in time, instead of abruptly putting an end to his hitherto unfortunate "life".

Revue des Deux Mondes. 15 septembre. 3f.

The interesting article on the German army to which we referred in our last notice is now said in France to be written by General Négrier. The present number has nothing of so startling a nature. It opens with a review of French dictionaries, an interesting recapitulation since France is the one country in which dictionary-making from the beginning has been regarded as an art in itself. The fiction is unusually good and M. Regnier has a graceful poem. The continuation of "La Caricature en Angleterre" is full of amusing gossip of English personages in the reign of George III. and is thorough enough to form in itself an efficient chap-book. A long descriptive article on Cornwall suggests Mr. Arthur Symonds.

For This Week's Books see page 378.

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MORTGAGE AND DEBENTURE COMPANY.

Business in a Very Satisfactory Condition.

THE ordinary general meeting of the Mortgage and Debenture Company, Limited, was held on Tuesday at 7 Moorgate Street, E.C., under the presidency of Mr. W. B. Close, Chairman of the Company.

The Secretary (Mr. Robert R. Nelson) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors.

The Chairman said: Gentlemen,—We little thought when we issued the notice convening this meeting that in the interval the Chief Magistrate of the country in which the business of this company is carried on would have fallen by the hand of a foul murderer. Nor did England dream when so recently she lost her great Queen that she would so soon again be plunged in grief, and in turn be tendering heartfelt sympathy to that country, allied to her by the closest ties of kinship and kindred spirit, whose sympathy she prized the most of all offered to her at the time of her national bereavement. I use no mere form of words when I say that in the death of William McKinley that great country of which he was the President has suffered an irreparable loss. William McKinley was not in politics by reason of personal ambition, or for pecuniary rewards, or even for a livelihood, for he was always a poor man, and dies a comparatively poor man. He was in politics for the good of his country, and, alas! just as he, with his great intellect, had been one of the first to recognise that the policy he had advocated ten years ago was no longer in the same degree applicable to the changed conditions now prevailing in the United States, he has had to lay down his life. He clearly saw that the high protective policy he inaugurated and that was connected with his name should be modified, now that the manufacturing and business industries were more than able to hold their own, and he realised that his great country, united as it now is, some forty years after the great Civil War, was not destined to continue the policy of self-isolation that was expedient so long as the nation was not wholly at unity within itself, and that the time had come when that nation of 76,000,000 of people, mostly of Anglo-Saxon descent, and imbued with the traditional love of order and justice characteristic of that race, and in sympathy with the mother-country—England—was destined by Providence to take its part for the influence of good in the world. McKinley, when he first came into prominence some twelve years ago, was only a politician, but when elected President, and given a position that a statesman should occupy, he rose to it, and McKinley died a great statesman. Turning now to the business that has brought us together, the report of the directors and the profit and loss account and balance-sheet for the year ended 31st March, 1901, duly audited by Messrs. Woodthorpe, Bevan and Co., have been circulated amongst you, and I suppose that it will be your pleasure that we take them as read. The profit for the year amounted to £25,655 14s. 7d., which compares with a profit of £21,608 8s. 3d. for the previous year, so that the business is shown to be in a thoroughly satisfactory condition. The balance-sheet and profit and loss account set forth very clearly the position of the company, and as they follow the usual form, it is not necessary for me to say much about them. But if there are any points upon which any shareholder present wishes for information, I shall be happy to answer any questions before putting the resolution for the adoption of the report and accounts.

THE REAL ESTATE ACCOUNT.

You will, however, notice that the real estate account has been reduced from £26,638 ss. 11d. to £18,949 ss. 4d. by sales of land acquired through foreclosure. This item marks a decided progress in the realisation of lands, the mortgages upon which had to be taken in by the company. Further testimony is afforded of the progress that is being made in such realisation of lands by the increase in the item amounts due for lands sold, which has risen from £16,495 12s. 8d. to £25,597 12s. The money held in this account represents sales of land on the "time" system, representing instalments spread over some years, but which instalments carry interest, and are thus producing income to the company, while so long as the money remained in foreclosure and real estate accounts it was, of course, unproductive. And still further, proof is given of the satisfactory condition of the company's position by the reduction of amount in the foreclosure account, from £4,386 12s. 3d. to £2,366 5s. 4d. The sound position of the company may therefore be gauged by taking the amount of real estate on hand, £18,949 ss. 4d., and the amount involved in foreclosure, £2,366 5s. 4d.—together, £21,315 14s. 8d.—which represent that portion of the capital of the company that is involved in a lock-up, and comparing it with the £868,653 which represents the total investments of the company and the cash on hand—that is, the amount of unproductive capital is under 2½ per cent. of the capital investment, and this is a mere bagatelle. I think I may say that this is a condition of affairs probably not excelled by any investment company of a like nature, and is a record of which we may well be proud. The satisfactory state of this company's business is due to the fact that it has confined the business of making its mortgages strictly to those States and portions of States that have been long settled, where, although the rate of interest was not so high as the rate ruling in the less settled portions of the West, yet the security was unimpeachable; and, further, to the success that has attended the company's investments in special assessment vouchers—that is the form of municipal bonds which have largely been dealt in by this company, through which, although an investment of several millions of dollars has been made in them, and several millions of dollars repaid, there has not been lost a single dollar. These municipal bonds, together with farm mortgages, constitute the two securities deposited with the trustees to secure the debenture stock issued by the company. It may interest the shareholders to know that on farm mortgage loans the average rate of interest paid by the borrowers was 6.70 per cent. The average percentage of amount loaned to value of security was 29.34, the average amount of each loan was £209 6s. 2d., the average acreage covered by each loan was 157.65 acres, the average valuation per acre of the land mortgaged to the company was £4 9s. 11d., and the average amount loaned on each acre was £1 6s. 7d.

THE PROFITS OF A SOUND BUSINESS.

Out of the balance of profit available for distribution, as mentioned in the directors' report, a sum of £2,500 has been transferred to reserve account; and the dividend on the preference shares for the half-year ended 31st March, 1901, has been paid. It is now proposed to pay the usual dividend of 10 per cent. on the ordinary shares and to write off the sum of £5,500 from preliminary expenses, reducing that item from £14,095 7s. 2d. to £8,595 7s. 2d., and to carry forward a balance of £119 17s. 11d. to next year's account. It was at first intended to extinguish the preliminary expenses account by ten yearly payments, but the company has done so well as to warrant the belief that this account will be extinguished in about half that time, perhaps next year, and as soon as this is done the directors hope to be able to increase the reserve account to a substantial figure as time goes on. This account now stands at £119,000. With such a record and such a balance-sheet it is surprising that the securities of this company are quoted somewhat under par. But I have no

doubt that one reason for this is that the public and the Stock Exchange have not forgotten the failure, some six or seven years ago, of a number of companies styling themselves American mortgage companies, but whose managers speculated with the funds in all sorts of gambles in no way connected with proper Western farm mortgages, and ever since brokers have been shy of recommending investments in companies having anything to do with American land. As time goes on, however, they will recognise that a company that successfully went through the Baring crisis and the great financial crises that followed in America must be a sound concern, and that its securities are worth buying for investment. In those days of financial stress the Farmland Mortgage and Debenture Company, the predecessor of this company, had annually some £200,000 falling due on terminable debentures. The sole means of paying such debentures as were not renewed was by calling on the farmers in turn to pay up their corresponding mortgages. As the reports for those years of that company show, this was done without the slightest difficulty; and, therefore, a business that could repay or secure the renewal of its debentures to the extent of £200,000 per annum during one of the greatest financial crises ever known, and which to do so had to lean upon the American farmer in those times of financial difficulties, shows that the business of lending money to the American farmer, when properly conducted, is one of the soundest businesses in the world.

THE TERMINABLE DEBENTURES.

In how much better a condition is this present company, the successor of the Farmland Mortgage and Debenture Company? This company was chiefly formed in order to get rid of terminable debentures, which in times of panic might prove a danger, and it undertook to pay off over £200,000 of terminable debentures of the Farmland Mortgage and Debenture Company falling due over a period of five years. It has paid off the whole of this, except some £20,000, which is not yet due, but which will be paid off by March next. This company will then be in the position of having no further terminable debentures to pay off, and has this further advantage over the old company—that the position of the Western farmers in the United States, good as it has been with few exceptional periods in the past, is better now than it has ever been; and for reasons which I will show, there is no danger now that American farmers are ever likely again to suffer from periods of over-production. So long as good Government lands could be had for nothing there was always a danger of over-production in the United States and of farmers having to face a consequent heavy fall in prices. But during the 'eighties the era of good farming land being acquired for nothing came to an end, practically all the public lands of any agricultural value having by that time been taken up. And, roughly speaking, we may say that from that time forward the limit of production of cereals in the United States has been reached, and the amount of cereals raised each year is now dependent, not on varying acreage under cultivation, but on crop conditions. In 1870 the total production of wheat in the United States amounted in round figures to 230,000,000 bushels. During the period from 1870 to 1880 millions of acres of public land were taken up and brought into cultivation, so that by 1880 the production had increased to 498,000,000 bushels. From thenceforth we may practically say that the wheat production was more dependent on crop conditions than on the increased acreage sown, for we find that in 1880 the wheat production was actually less, amounting to only 399,000,000 bushels. Although the production in 1890, a good year, was 547,000,000 bushels, yet it is only some 50,000,000 bushels more than in 1880, some twenty years before. Two years—1891 and 1893—the banner years for wheat, show over 600,000,000 bushels. Similarly with maize. In 1870 the production amounted to 1,094,255,000 bushels. In 1880 it had increased to 1,717,434,543 bushels, but in 1890 the amount produced was 1,489,970,000 bushels, and in 1891—again a wonderful year—to 2,060,154,000, and in 1899, 2,078,143,933. These figures, therefore, show that, except for crop conditions and better farming, we cannot expect, nor is there room for, an enormous increase in the production of wheat or maize in the United States. In the meantime the population of the United States is increasing by leaps and bounds. In 1870 the population of the United States was 38,500,000, and in 1900 it is 76,000,000. We are, therefore, rapidly reaching the stage in the history of the United States when for the first time practically the whole of its farm products will be needed to feed its own population. True the United States still exports its cereals in large quantities, but whether it can do so in ten years time, when its population has increased by another fifteen or twenty million inhabitants, remains to be seen. I think not.

"AN ERA OF IMMENSE MANUFACTURING ACTIVITY."

I think that the United States is only now entering upon an era of immense manufacturing activity. We cannot blink our eyes to the fact that that wonderful country possesses naturally advantages which no other country in the world, I think, has. Besides its agricultural advantages, it has vast resources of coal and iron; it has wonderful systems of communication by rail and river, and it has added to these advantages the most intelligent, energetic, go-ahead population in the world. All this points to the enjoyment of great prosperity for that country (no doubt, like the rest of the world, with occasional financial disturbances) for years and years to come. This being so, the prosperity in the manufacturing centres will be reflected on those who supply the manufacturing centres with food, and I think the American farmer has reached the stage where he is impervious to the ups and downs connected with crises that have sometimes shaken American finance. The American farmer went through the period of crises in the 'nineties with flying colours: far better than before will be able to meet any such crises in the future, although in the time of the last panic the public and the Press generally deduced from the failure of the mortgage companies alluded to above that the American farmer was ruined. I wrote long letters to the "Times," the "Economist," the "Statist," the "Investors' Review," and other papers, controverting these theories, and showing by our intimate knowledge of the farmers that even in those days they were far from ruined. In this opinion I was backed up by Mr. Stuyvesant Fish and Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and time has shown how right we were, and how wrong were those wisacres who assumed that because ill-managed mortgage companies failed, therefore the American farmer must be in a state of collapse. In these days American farmers generally are under no necessity to have any mortgage on their farms, and their resources are more than sufficient to offset any mortgages they may put upon their land; but it pays them to borrow, as, by so doing, they make money by investing in cattle and stock of all kinds, and in implements and machinery for the more economical working of their farms. When all these facts become better known to our English public, and this company continues for a year or two years more to show its present satisfactory condition, we may see more appreciation shown for the securities of this company. I now beg to move that the report and accounts, presented to the meeting, be received and adopted.

Mr. E. F. North seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously. The Chairman next moved: "That a dividend of 10 per cent. per annum be paid on the ordinary shares, and that £5,500 be written off in reduction of the amount of preliminary expenses, and that the sum of £119 7s. 11d. be carried forward to next year."

This was seconded by Mr. North, and also unanimously agreed to.

On the motion of the Chairman, seconded by Mr. Robertson, Mr. North and Mr. W. H. P. Stevens, the retiring directors, were re-elected, and Messrs. Woodthorpe, Bevan and Co. were also re-appointed auditors for the ensuing year, and the proceedings then terminated.

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COLONEL ROBERT BARING.
HENRY WILLIAM BARNETT.
R. T. BAYLISS.
CAPTAIN HENRY V. HART-DAVIS.
ALFRED NAYLOR.

CONSULTING ENGINEER.—JOHN HAYS HAMMOND.

GENERAL MANAGER.—P. L. FOSTER.

SECRETARY.—J. H. M. SHAW.

SOLICITORS.

Messrs. CLARKE, RAWLINS, and CO., Gresham House, London.
Messrs. GUGGENHEIMER, UNTERMYER, and MARSHALL, New York.
SEÑOR PABLO MARTINEZ DEL RIO, Mexico City.

REPORT to be presented at the Second Ordinary Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders, to be held at Winchester House, London, E.C., at 12 o'clock noon, on Tuesday, the 1st of October, 1901.

The Directors have pleasure in submitting the annexed Statement of Accounts, which covers the 12 months from the 1st July, 1900, to the 30th June, 1901, and shows a net realised profit of £152,644 17 6
To this must be added 34,216 16 10

carried forward from the previous year, making a total of £206,861 14 4
Out of this £48,511 9s. has been paid for Income Tax for 1900, and for Dividend No. 1; £47,500 for Dividend No. 2; £11,000 has been written off on account of the Somera No. 1 option, and £20,000 for Depreciation of Plant, leaving a balance of £79,850 5s. 4d., which it is proposed to carry forward.

MILL AND CYANIDE PLANT.—Everything is now in full working order in the 100-Stamp Mill and in the Cyanide Plant, the additions to which came into working order in the month of April, and have enabled the output to be increased to the present production of 9,340 tons.

The entire plant is being kept in first-class order as will be seen from the General Manager's Report annexed hereto.

DEEP LEVEL.—On the 17th August the shaft on the Somera Claim, held under option, had been sunk to a depth of 970 ft.

At the 750-ft. level of the Somera Shaft, which corresponds with the 486-ft. level of the El Oro Mine, a cross-cut was driven which intersected the El Oro Vein. Further work on this level was delayed owing to the necessity of installing a pumping plant of greater capacity than the one taken over by the owners. This pump is now completed, and drifts from this cross-cut are being run north to undercut the North Ore-body on the 486-ft. level, and south to connect with the main incline shaft of the El Oro Mine.

It is expected that at an early date the Somera Shaft will reach a depth of 1,050 ft., corresponding with the 786-ft. level of the El Oro Mine, another cross-cut will then be driven and the North Ore-body further explored at this depth.

In accordance with the principle decided upon last year, £11,000, or one-fifth of the total estimated cost of the option and developments on this property, is being written off this year. It must be borne in mind that should the purchase of the Somera No. 1 be decided upon, such deductions may be re-credited to revenue and debited to Capital Account.

PROVISION FOR DEPRECIATION.—The amount of £20,000 written off for this purpose is, in the opinion of the Directors, ample.

DIVIDENDS.—Dividend No. 1, of 1s. per Share, was paid on August 15th, 1900; Dividend No. 2, of 1s. per Share, was paid on January 31st, 1901, as mentioned above; and Dividend No. 3, of 1s. 3d. per Share, was paid on July 31st, 1901, out of the amount of £79,850 5s. 4d. shown by the Balance Sheet.

CAPITAL.—Of the £1,000,000 authorised capital, £980,000 have now been issued. During the period covered by the Accounts £80,000 have been issued to the Exploration Company, Limited, under an option held by them at par. The balance of 20,000 Shares is held in reserve.

GENERAL MANAGER'S REPORT.—Annexed will be found a full report by Mr. P. L. Foster on the Mining Department for ten months, ending July 31st, and on the Railway and Lumber Department for 12 months ending June 30th. The attention of the Shareholders is specially called to this report, as it states most clearly and concisely the work done for the period, and the present position of the Company's Property.

ORE RESERVES.—Since Mr. Foster's estimate last year, showing 346,989 tons of ore in reserve, a further 173,156 tons have been developed. During the period covered by his Report, 75,345 tons have been extracted and treated, leaving 444,800 tons now in reserve, an increase of 97,811 tons compared with the same period last year.

The average gross value per ton of the whole quantity treated during the year has been £17.06 in gold and silver, of which £13.88 has been recovered, and the Working Expenses, including Mining, Milling, Development, and General Expenses, amount to 86.44.

In placing before the Shareholders the eminently satisfactory result of the year's working, the Directors again desire to express their high appreciation of the services rendered by the General Manager, Mr. P. L. Foster, and of the staff under him.

Colonel R. Baring and Mr. H. W. Barnett, the Directors retiring by rotation in accordance with the Articles of Association, being eligible, offer themselves for re-election.

The Auditors of the Company, Messrs. Deloitte, Dever, Griffiths, and Co., being eligible, offer themselves for re-appointment.

(N.B.—Where the £ is used, the American Gold Dollar is intended.)

SIDNEY SHIPPARD, Directors.

R. T. BAYLISS,

J. H. M. SHAW, Secretary.

11 Cornhill, London, E.C., 21st September, 1901.

BALANCE SHEET, 30th June, 1901.

To Capital Authorised	£1,000,000 0 0	
Capital Issued, 980,000 Shares of £1 each	£980,000 0 0	
Sundry Creditors	11,055 0 4	
Sundry Shareholders for Dividends unclaimed	126 5 0	
Profit and Loss Account 1900	£54,216 16 10	
Less Dividend paid and Income Tax	48,511 9 0	
	£5,705 7 10	
Balance from Profit and Loss Account (subject to Income Tax)	74,744 17 6	
	79,850 5 4	
	£1,071,032 10 8	
By Property, including Railway and Mining Equipment, Machinery, Plant, and Construction	£916,103 17 7	
Somera Option as per last Account	£30,801 6 1	
Add Expenditure since	7,622 0 4	
	£38,423 6 5	
Less Amount placed to Sinking Fund	11,000 0 0	
	27,423 6 5	
Stores	17,772 3 7	
Sundry Debtors	6,519 0 7	
Bullion in transit	47,954 8 6	
Bearer Warrants	350 0 0	
Cash in hand, at Bankers and on deposit	54,212 8 0	
	£1,074,032 10 8	

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT FOR YEAR ENDING 30th JUNE, 1901.

To Mining Expenditure	£116,774 8 0
Railway Expenditure	14,750 18 8
Interest	443 4 6
London Expenses	1,097 16 4
Directors' Fees	1,900 0 0
Somera Option Sinking Fund	11,000 0 0
Depreciation of Plant, &c.	20,000 0 0
Exchange	306 6 10
Dividend No. 2	47,500 0 0
Balance to Balance Sheet	74,744 17 6
	£288,687 11 10
By Bullion recovered	£250,662 12 8
Railway Receipts	31,391 17 0
Profit on sales of Lumber	5,815 5 4
Profit on sales of Wood	238 5 7
Profit on Stores	579 11 3
	£288,687 11 10

In accordance with the provisions of the Companies Act, 1900, we certify that all our requirements as Auditors have been complied with.

We report that we have examined the foregoing Accounts and Balance Sheet with the books and vouchers of the Company in London and with the audited returns from Mexico, and that, in our opinion, such Balance Sheet is drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs as shown by the books of the Company.

DELOITTE, DEVER, GRIFFITHS & CO.,

4 Lothbury, London, E.C.,

17th September, 1901.

Chartered Accountants, Auditors.

SIDNEY SHIPPARD, Directors.

R. T. BAYLISS,

J. H. M. SHAW, Secretary.

11 Cornhill, London, E.C.,

21st September, 1901.

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THE WARRIGALS' WELL.

By DONALD MACDONALD,

Author of "How we Kept the Flag Flying."

Illustrated by J. Macfarlane.

From an author who has achieved so splendid a success as "How we Kept the Flag Flying," great things will be expected. The *SPECTATOR*, in a long and enthusiastic review, pronounced it "the best in the whole list of war books."

In "The Warrigals' Well" the author, Mr. Donald Macdonald, takes us to his own native country, North Australia, instead of to South Africa. Instead of showing us what waging warfare with the Boers is like, he pictures desperate encounters with buffaloes, cobras, and the Aborigines. It is a treasure-trove story of the most exciting and extraordinary sort, told with all that wealth-flashing imagery and wonderful descriptive power which made "How we Kept the Flag Flying" such a great success.

THE COWARD.

By ROBERT L. JEFFERSON,

Author of "A New Ride to Khiva," &c.

With Frontispiece by Demain Hammond.

A story which is likely to make something of a sensation. It might have been called "The Blackmailer," for it will assuredly open the eyes of the man in the street to the seamy side of journalism as his eyes have not often been opened before. That such things should be a public scandal, and the author has done well in writing this novel, which is not merely a fearless exposure of the corruption that exists under apparent prosperity, but is a striking and vivid representation of a "life" which is all unknown to the general reader.

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK."

THE FIGHTING TROUBADOUR.

By A. C. GUNTER, Author of "Miss Nobody, of Nowhere," &c.

Illustrated by Gordon Browne.

The verdict of ninety-nine out of a hundred who read Mr. A. C. Gunter's new novel, "The Fighting Troubadour," will be that the author "has gone one better" than the famous "Mr. Barnes of New York." There are some books that seem fated to "catch on," and "The Fighting Troubadour" is so fresh a subject, so packed with love-interest, intrigue, hard fighting, and rapid movement, that one is safe in predicting that in a few weeks everyone will be reading it.

THE WHIRLIGIG.

By MAYNE LINDSAY, Author of "The Valley of Sapphires," &c.

24 Illustrations by Maurice Greiffenhagen.

The *DAILY CHRONICLE* says:—"This brisk and lively story, with its almost inconceivably rapid action and intricate imbroglio of plot and counterplot, is cleverly written, and charged with unflinching energy. We read it with a breathless excitement."

The *DAILY MAIL* says:—"Shows touches of positive genius."

The *SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH* says:—"This very stirring novel is a wonderful story, and leaves the reader panting. Will commend itself to those who like a bustling story with exciting incidents."

The *NOTTINGHAM GUARDIAN* says:—"An admirably written story of adventure. Crowded with sensational events. It is a fine bit of character-study, well conceived and happily executed."

THE RED CHANCELLOR.

By Sir WILLIAM MAGNAV, Bart.

Author of "The Man Trap," "The Heiress of the Season," "The Pride of Life," &c.

With Frontispiece by Maurice Greiffenhagen.

PUBLIC OPINION says:—"A capital book, positively bristling with adventures, and wildly exciting."

The *KING* says:—"A romance of stirring adventure, excitingly narrated..... One of the best reading romances of the season."

The *IRISH TIMES* says:—"A really fascinating story, well written, and cleverly put together."

LLOYD'S NEWS says:—"One of the best and most readable novels of the adventure type that we have taken up. A story full of action, with its characters strongly drawn. Adventures and hairbreadth escapes abound, the style is refreshingly crisp, and the book altogether is one that can be most heartily recommended."

A STIRRING HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

THE SEVEN HOUSES.

By HAMILTON DRUMMOND,

Author of "A Man of his Age," "For the Religion," "The King's Pawn," &c.

With a Frontispiece by A. Forester.

The *SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH* says:—"One of the most stirring and interesting stories that the novel-reader has had the good fortune recently to meet with. It is admirably worked out; its incidents, many of them highly dramatic, are presented with rare vividness and power, and its characters are singularly human and attractive."

LLOYD'S NEWS says:—"Plenty of fighting and deeds of daring, mingled with cunning tricks and stratagems, keeping the reader ever alert to see what next shall happen to the charming heroine and her friends. This fascinating story is most vividly written."

The *DAILY TELEGRAPH* says:—"Told with much literary skill."

FIVE SHILLINGS.

READY ON OCTOBER 1st.

GUY BOOTHBY'S GREATEST ROMANCE.

FAREWELL, NIKOLA.

Illustrated by Harold Piffard.

THREE SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE EACH.

THE TEMPTRESS.

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX,

Author of "If Sinners Entice Thee," "Devil's Dice," &c.

Illustrated by John S. Baker.

Mr. William le Queux has scarcely an equal as a writer of stories that start with a mystery, and keep the reader on the tenter-hooks of suspense and wonderment down to the final page. The public that devours his absorbing stories—both in book or in serial form—is enormous, and his marvellous ability as a weaver of extraordinary plots is seen at its very best in "The Temptress."

TWO GIRLS AND A DREAM.

By JEAN DELAIRE, Author of "A Dream of Fame," &c.

Illustrated by Frances Ewan.

A very beautiful story, depending not upon sensationalism for its interest, but on the charm of its style and the vividness of the picture with which the dream of those who set out upon the road to fame is drawn. The author's contributions to the magazines have already attracted so much attention that her novel will be read with anticipations which its charm and freshness more than realise.

A MODERN SLAVE DEALER.

By ARCHER P. CROUCH,

Author of "For the Rebel Cause," "Señorita Montemar," &c.

Illustrated by Henry Austin.

The author of "A Modern Slave Dealer" threatens to run Mr. Guy Boothby very close in the matter of popularity. His revelation in regard to the extent to which the vile traffic in flesh and blood is carried on forms the basis of a story that breaks entirely fresh ground, and is as absolutely novel in treatment as it is exciting in subject.

MY LADY'S DIAMONDS.

By ADELINE SERGEANT,

Author of "The Story of a Penitent Soul," &c.

Illustrated by Adolph Thiede.

The *SCOTSMAN* says:—"A strong, ably constructed story. Written with its writer's well-known ability in making the most of a theme like this, and it should be enjoyed by any who take it up."

THE WORLD'S FINGER.

By T. W. HANSHEW.

Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood.

Readers who pride themselves upon their skill in solving mysteries have plenty of scope for the exercise of their talents in "The World's Finger." Since Poe wrote "The Crime in the Rue Morgue" nothing more gruesome or more inexplicable has been put upon paper than the murder of the Death Head woman in Hoxton, followed as it was almost immediately by a second and more mysterious crime. And in this case the explanation is as astounding as the singular chain of events with which the tale opens.

MR. BERNARD BROWN.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM,

Author of "The Survivor," "A Millionaire of Yesterday," &c.

Illustrated by Frances Ewan.

The *BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE* says:—"Mr. Oppenheim is undoubtedly one of the greatest story-tellers of the day; his imagination is unbounded, his characters powerfully drawn, his plots well thought out and cleverly developed with due regard to probability, while his wide knowledge of the world and of men gives to his romances a distinction which raises them above the ordinary tale of romantic adventure, crime, and intrigue."

LLOYD'S NEWS says:—"Mr. Oppenheim occupies a place in the very fore rank of writers of sensational fiction. Nothing (in this story) for a moment oversteps the bounds of probability, the air of truth giving the story a fascination for even the most hardened reader of sensational fiction."

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